



# HUMOR

## COMICS

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S

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

10¢

SPRING  
ISSUE  
No. 1

⇒PUFF⇒HENNESSY⇒PUFF⇒  
WHY DO WE HAVE TO  
RUN FIVE MILES  
EVERY DAY?

ONE OF OUR  
CUSTOMERS  
IS REDUCING, AND  
IT'S OUR JOB TO  
LOSE THE WEIGHT  
FOR HIM!





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# "CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT"

— BUT IT ANSWERED  
A QUESTION FOR  
JIM AND JANE

SEE YOU GOT  
YOUR NEW BIKE  
JIM. BOY IT'S  
A BEAUTY!

SURE IS!  
AND IT'S GOT  
A MORROW  
COASTER BRAKE  
— THE BEST  
MADE!

YOU  
KNOW  
IT!

JIM, WHY DO ALL  
THE BOYS AND GIRLS  
SAY A MORROW'S THE  
BEST COASTER  
BRAKE MADE?

SEARCH ME. JUST  
IS. EVERYBODY  
KNOWS THAT.  
BUT LET'S ASK DAD  
— HE'LL KNOW!

DADDY, WHY DO ALL  
THE BOYS AND GIRLS  
SAY MORROW IS THE  
BEST COASTER  
BRAKE MADE?

MORROW — WHY THAT'S  
THE COASTER BRAKE  
I HAD ON MY BIKE. YOU  
BET IT'S THE BEST, AND  
I'LL SHOW YOU WHY —

HERE'S MY OLD BIKE —  
USED TO RIDE OVER TO SEE  
YOUR MOTHER ON IT. THE  
BIKE'S ABOUT THROUGH,  
BUT THAT MORROW  
BRAKE IS AS GOOD  
AS NEW!

NOW LOOK AT THIS MORROW  
ON YOUR BIKE, JANE. FIRST  
THING, IT'S THE ONLY COASTER  
BRAKE MADE IN AMERICA  
THAT HAS 31 BALL BEARINGS

OH I GET IT! THAT'S WHERE  
MORROW GETS "SPEED-WHEELING"  
COASTING

RIGHT, JIM, AND  
MORROW COASTER BRAKES  
ARE MADE BY A FAMOUS  
MAKER OF AUTOMOBILE  
BRAKES—SO THEY  
REALLY KNOW HOW

NOW WATCH THIS — SEE HOW JUST A  
TOUCH OF MY HAND STOPPED THAT  
WHIRLING WHEEL QUICK. THAT'S THE  
QUICK, SAFE STOPPING ACTION EVERY  
BIKE BRAKE SHOULD HAVE

GEE, LOOK AT  
DAD WHIZZ ALONG  
— AND HE CAN  
STOP ON A DIME

YOU'D THINK  
HE OWNED  
A BRAND  
NEW BIKE

A MORROW  
COASTER BRAKE  
KEEPS MY BIKE  
RIDING LIKE NEW!

## THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Today smart boys and girls are the buyers of MORROW. They know every Morrow Coaster Brake is a product of Bendix Creative Engineering. ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION,

**Bendix** AVIATION CORPORATION, ELMIRA, N. Y.





HEAR YE! ... HEAR YE!... HENNESSY P. EGGNOG ANNOUNCES THE GRAND OPENING OF HENNESSY P. EGGNOG'S STUPENDOUS NEW ENTERPRISE --- ODD JOBS, INC.!



ALL HUMOR COMICS

**HENNESSY P. EGGNOG** (PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENT, SECRETARY AND TREASURER) INVITES YOU TO BRING YOUR PROBLEMS TO ODD JOBS, INC.! REMEMBER: NO JOB TOO BIG -- NOR YET TOO SMALL -- HENNESSY AND ELOISE DO THEM ALL!

ELOISE, THIS AD SHOULD BRING A STAMPEDE TO OUR DOOR TOMORROW!

GORSH, MISTER EGGNOG, IT WUZ MIGHTY BIG OF YUH TO MENTION *ME*!

TYPICAL OF ME, ELOISE -- GENEROUS TO A FAULT!

**Next A.M.** LOOKIT TH' PEOPLE!... MILLIONS OF 'EM!

NATURALLY!... IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE!... GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO USE THE REAR ENTRANCE!

ALL RIGHT, ELOISE, OPEN THE FRONT DOOR!... ADMIT THEM ONE AT A TIME!... WE MUST GIVE EACH CASE CONFIDENTIAL ATTENTION!

ONE AT A TIME, FOLKS!

YES, DON'T CROWD! WHO'S FIRST -- ? ULP IN -- ??? -- LINE? ????

'LO!

ULP!... ONLY ONE CUSTOMER!

B-BUT THOSE OTHER FOLKS -- WHERE?

OH, THEM? SOMEBODY DROPPED A QUARTER! I WAS NEARLY CRUSHED IN THE SCRAMBLE!

YUH DON'T SAY!... GORSH! WHO GOT THE QUARTER?

QUIET, ELOISE! WELL, SONNY, WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

IF YOU CAN MAKE ME A YOUNG BOY AGAIN, THE QUARTER'S YOURS!

? WHY, CERTAINLY WE CAN! YOU JUST FEEL OLD!... I'LL HAVE YOU YOUNG AGAIN IN JIG-TIME!

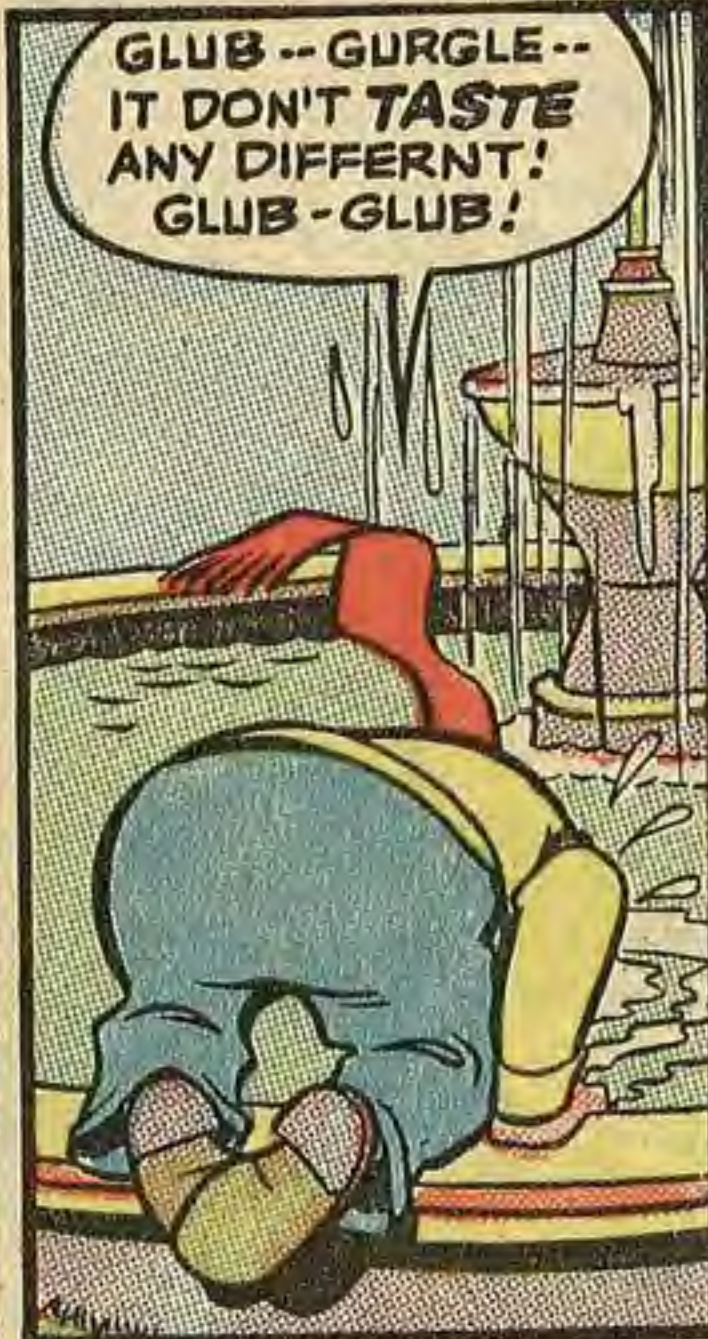
PROMISE?

PROMISE!

? BROTHER, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A JOB!

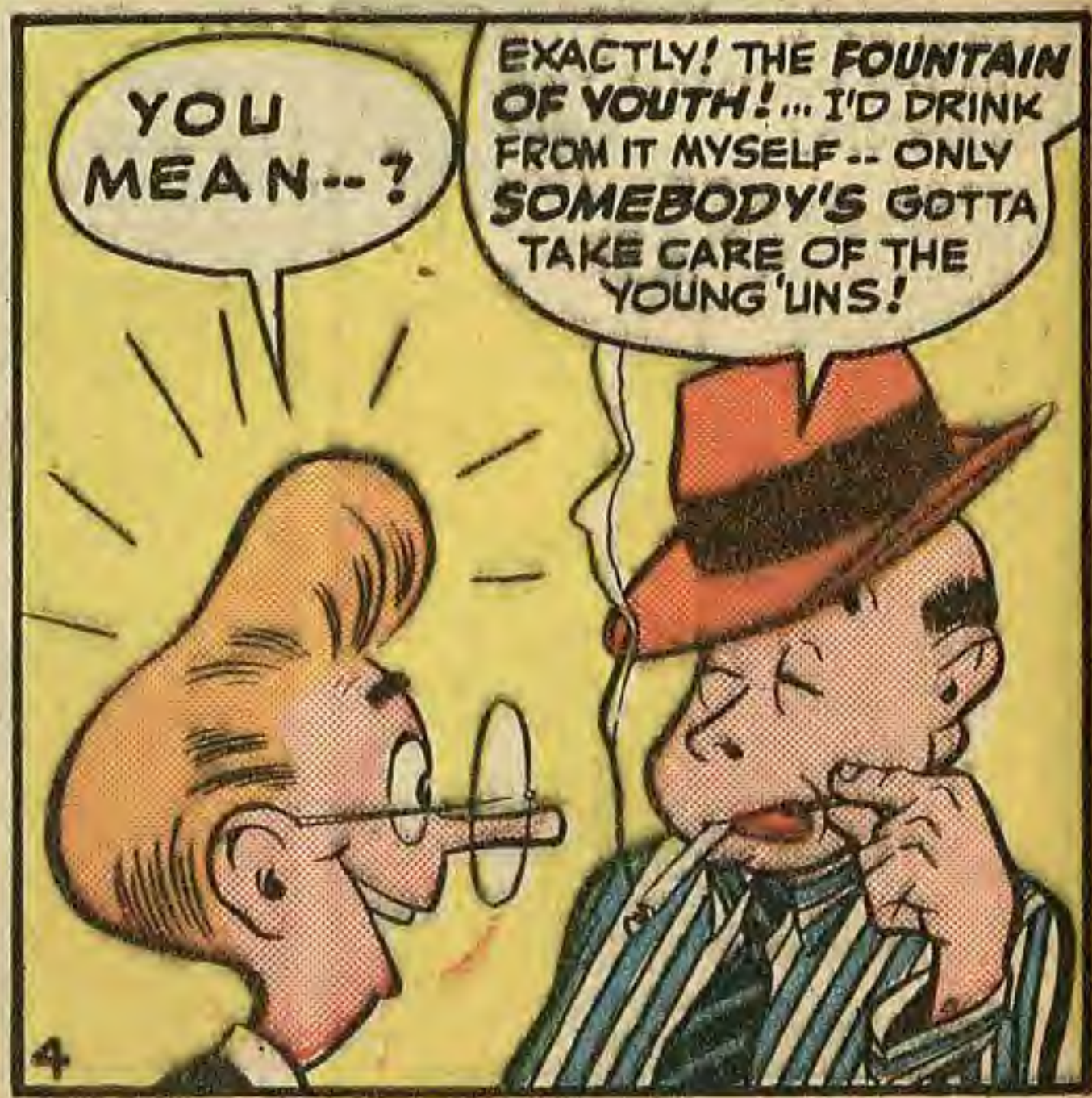
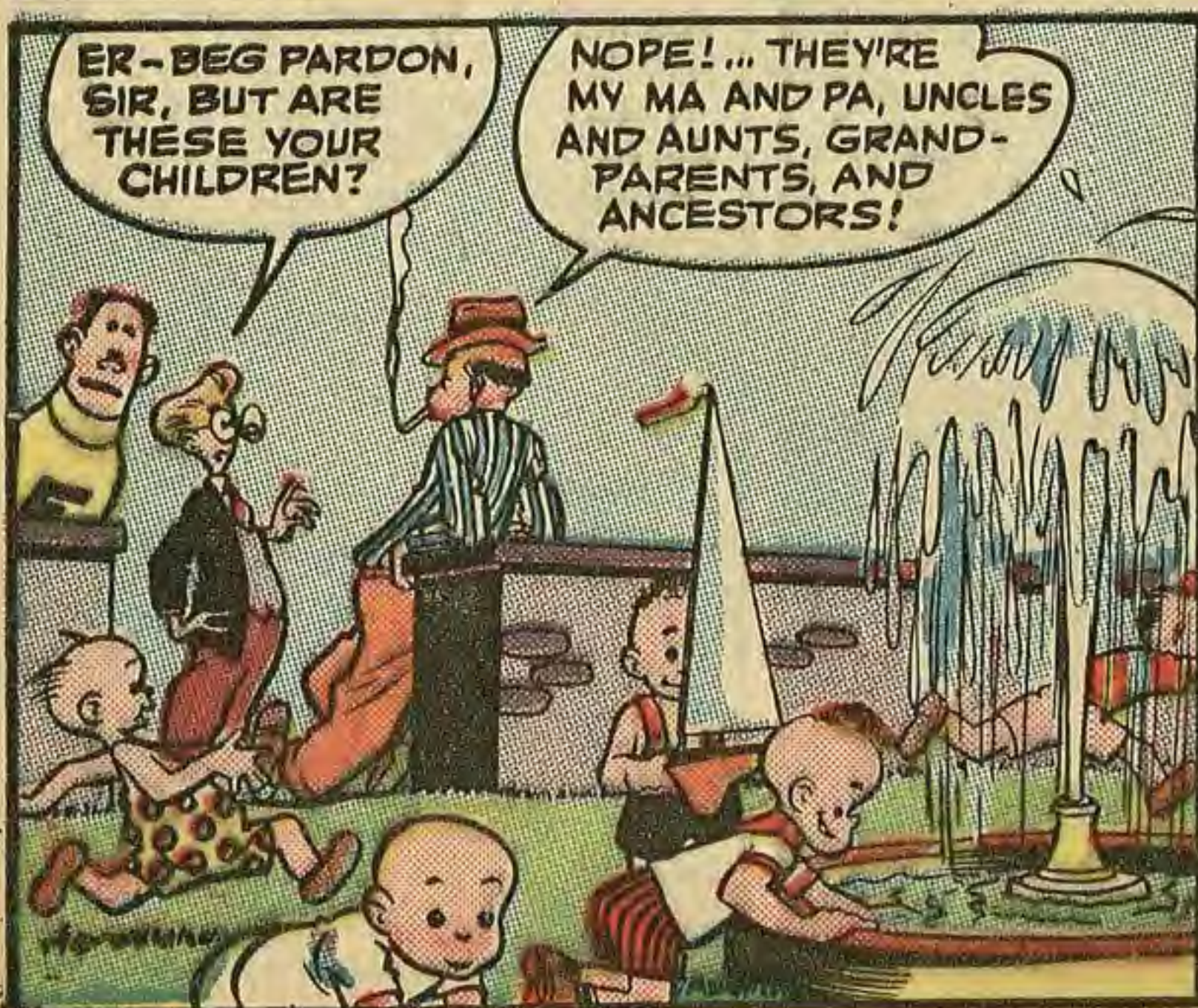
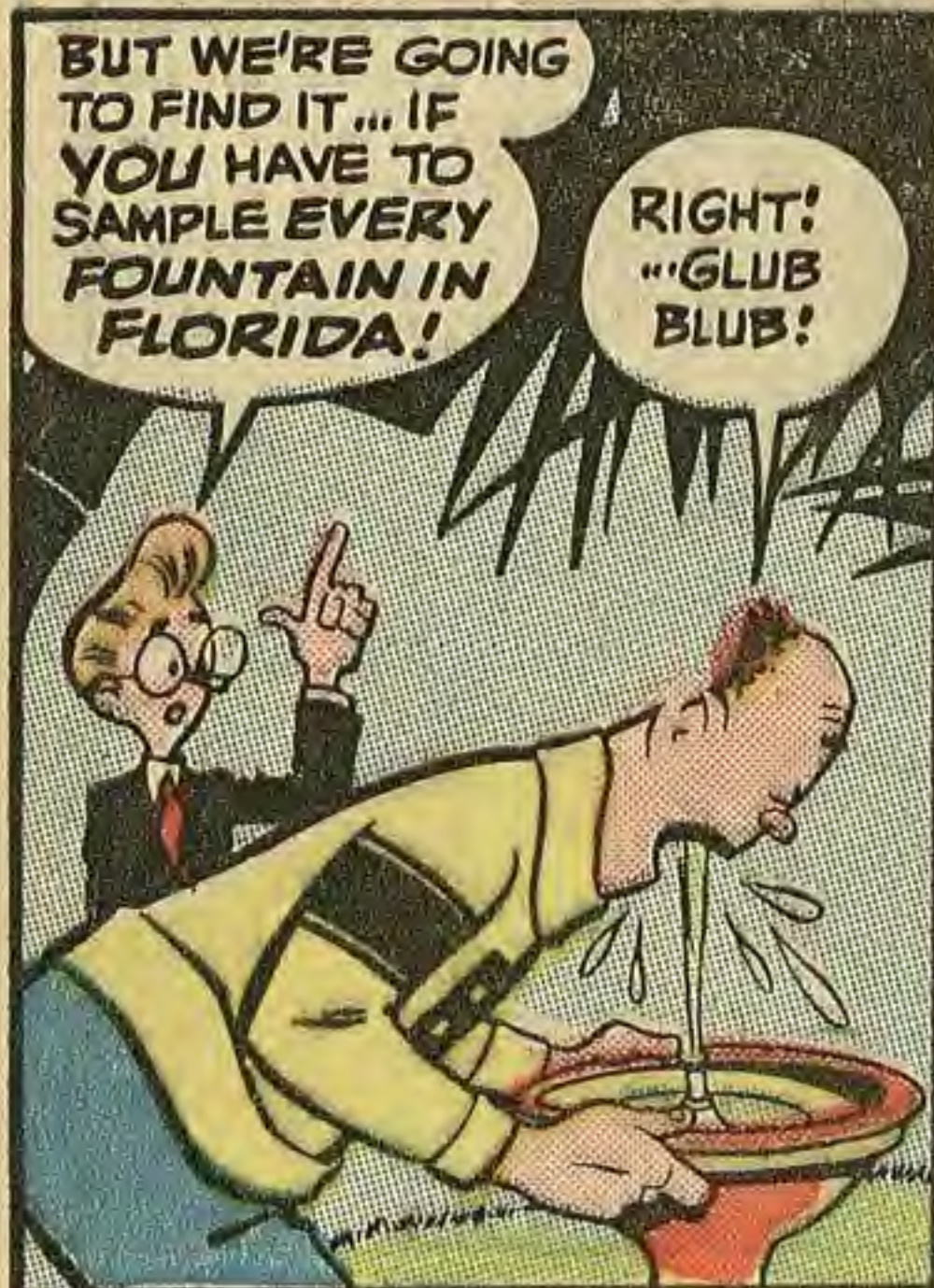
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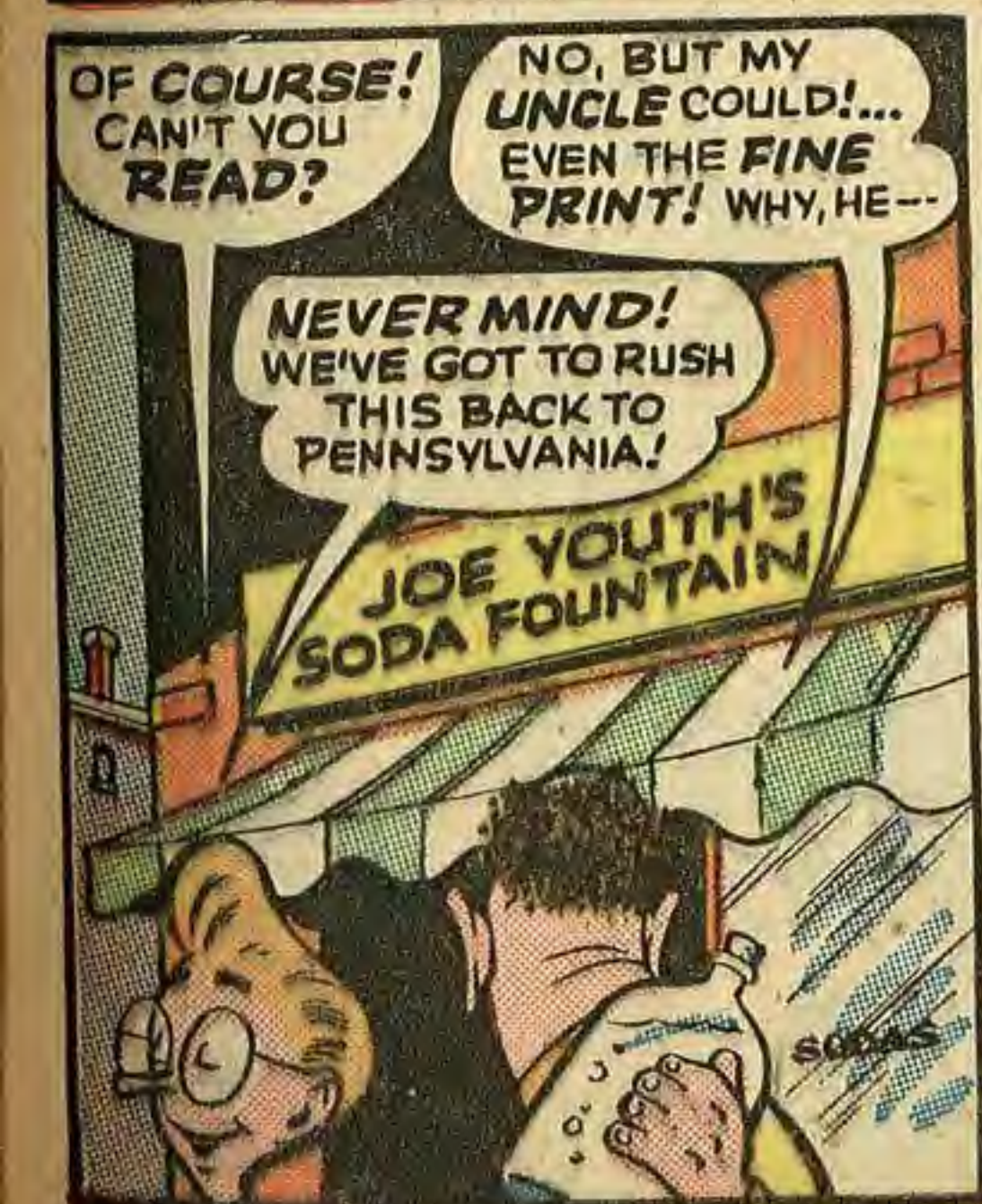




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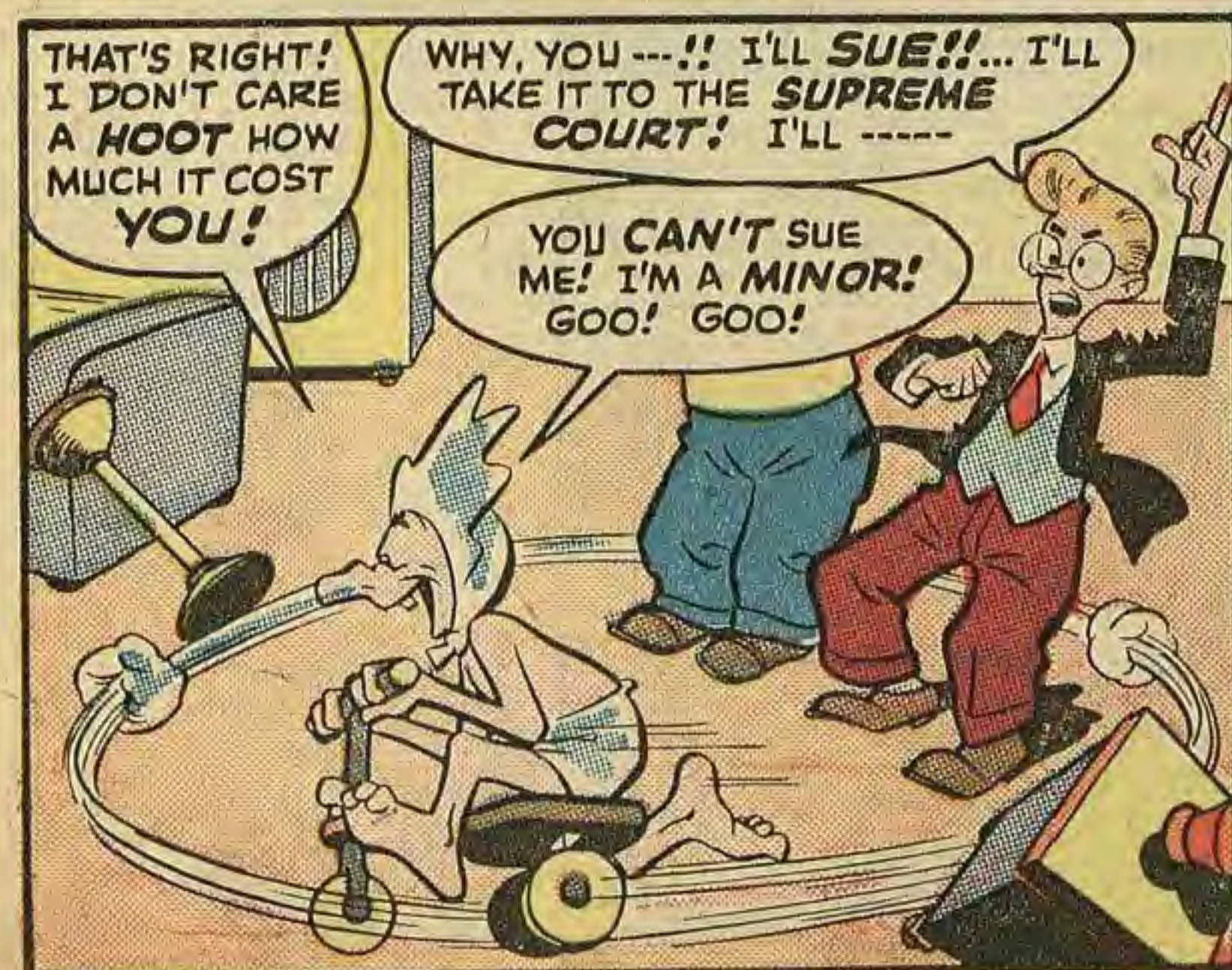
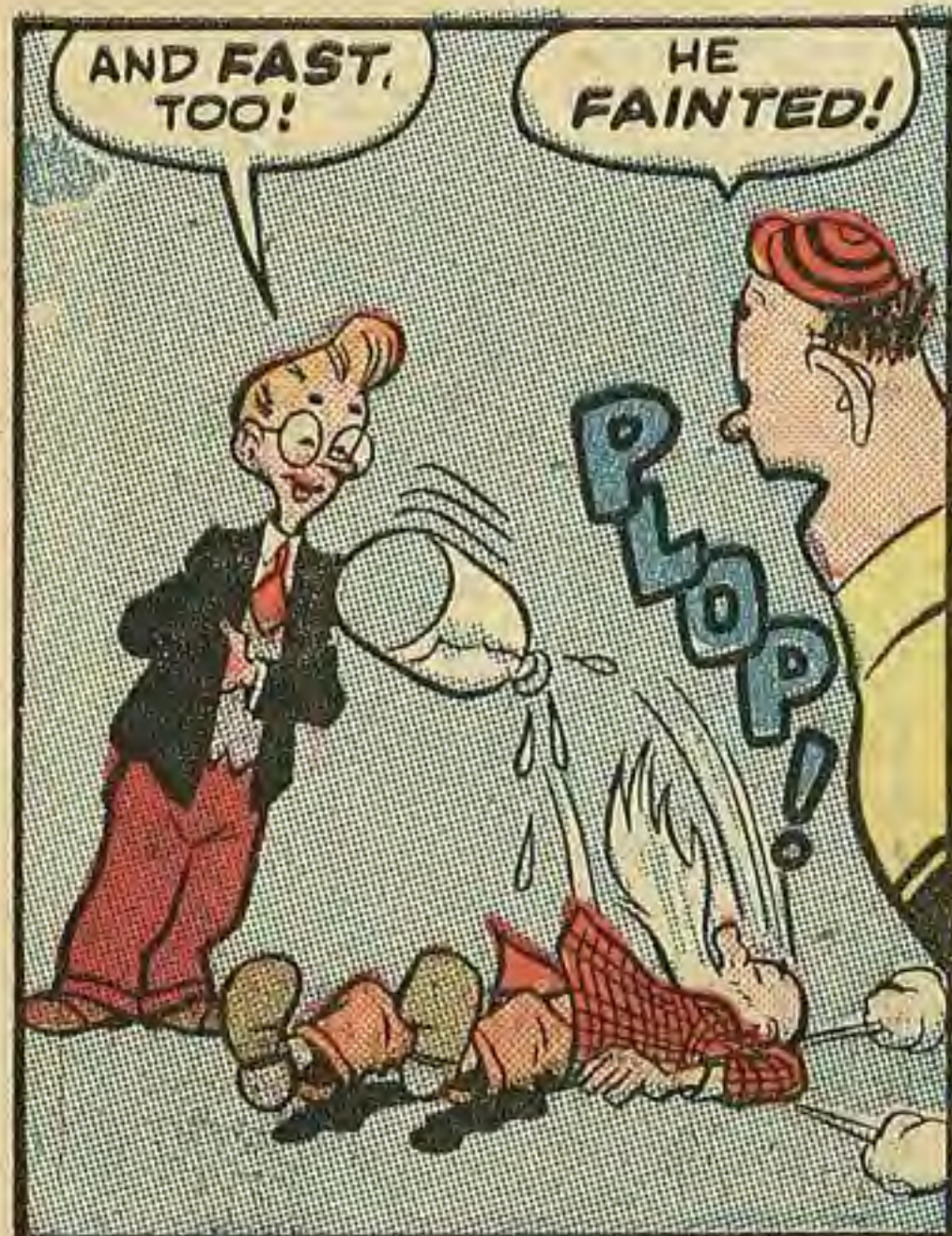








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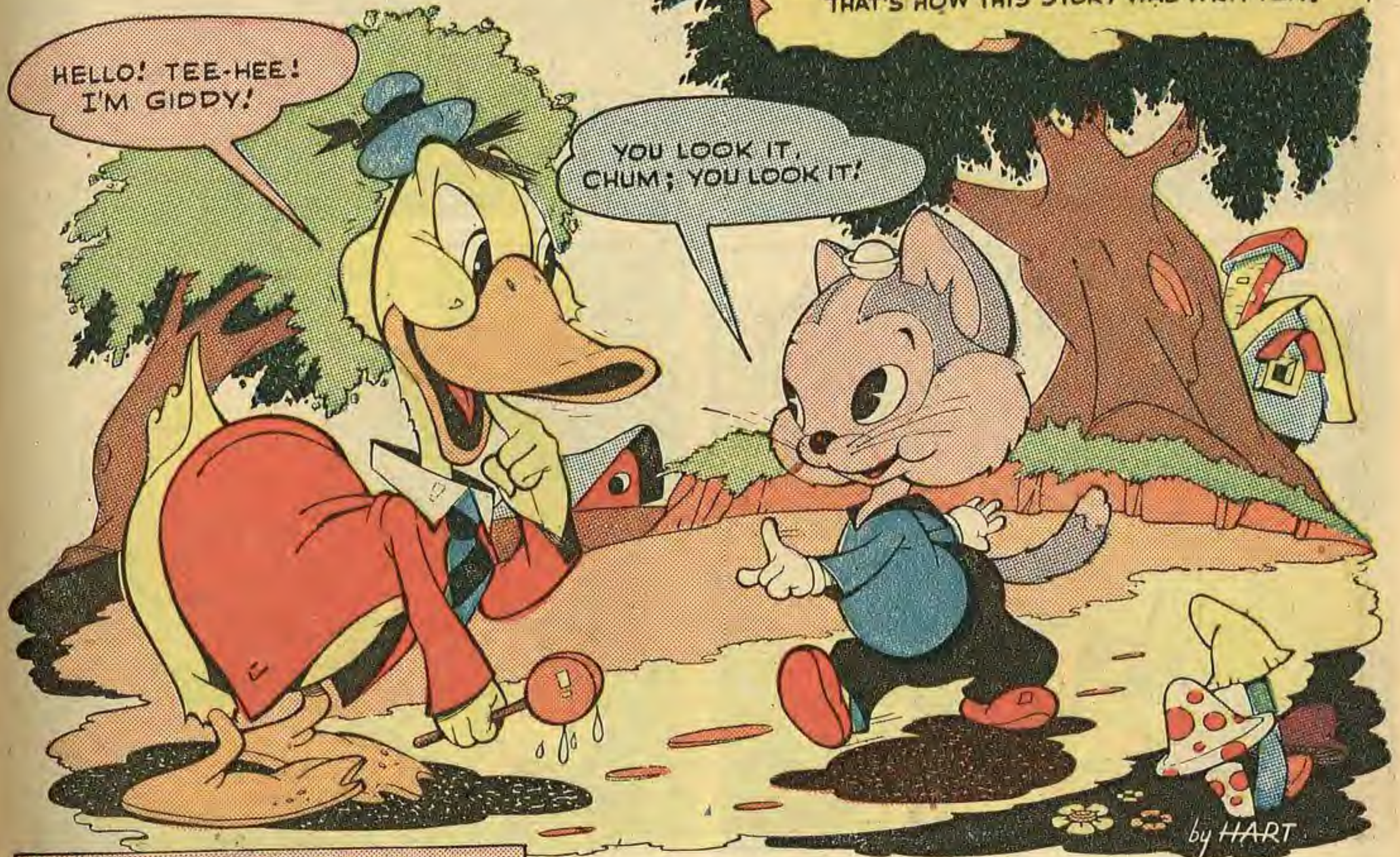


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# Giddy Goose

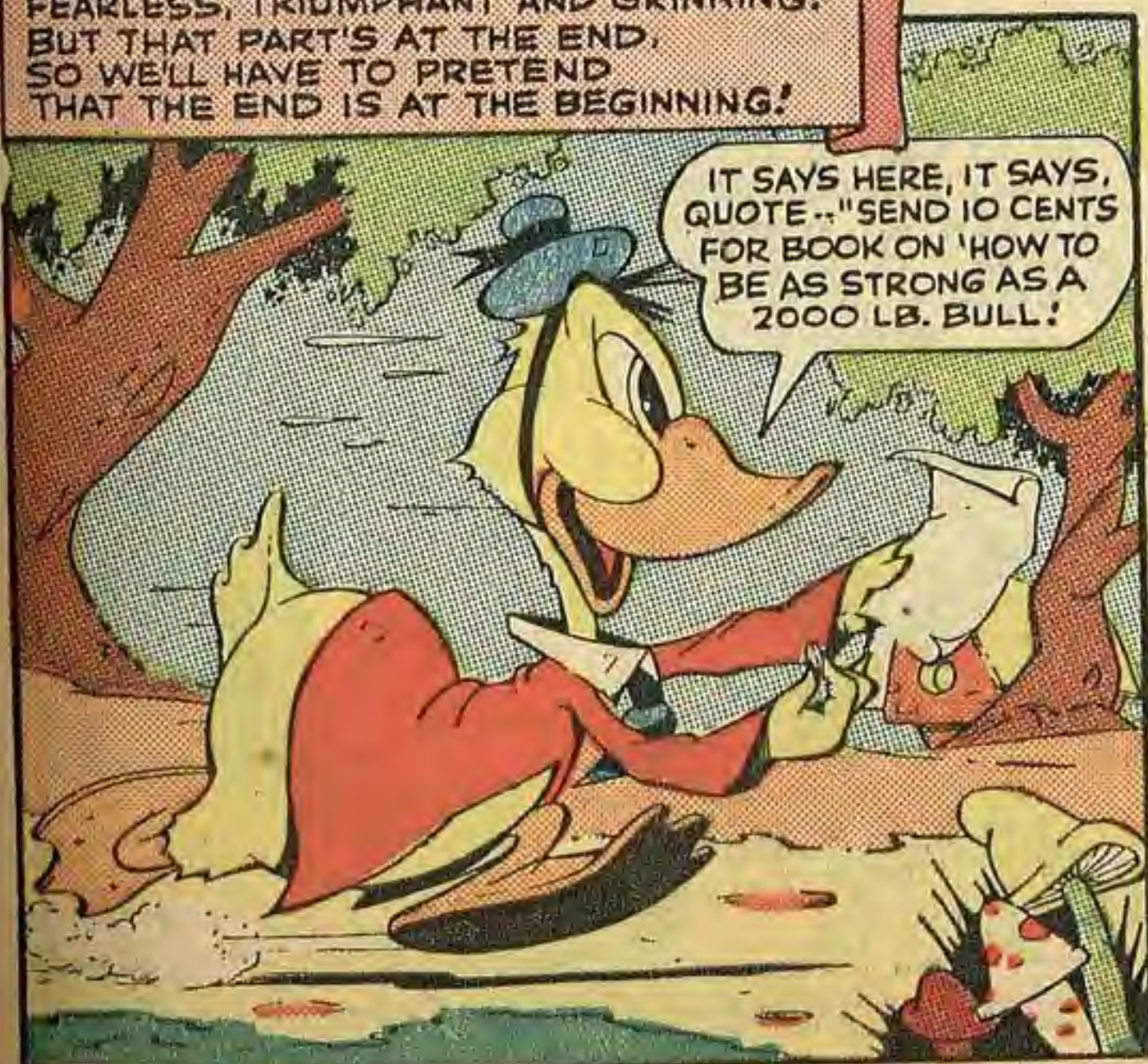
## RECIPE: SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE

TAKE A GOOSE WHOSE NAME IS GIDDY,  
AND MIX WITH KIBBY KITTEN!  
ADD A BAD OLD BEAR, BRING TO A BOIL--  
THAT'S HOW THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN!

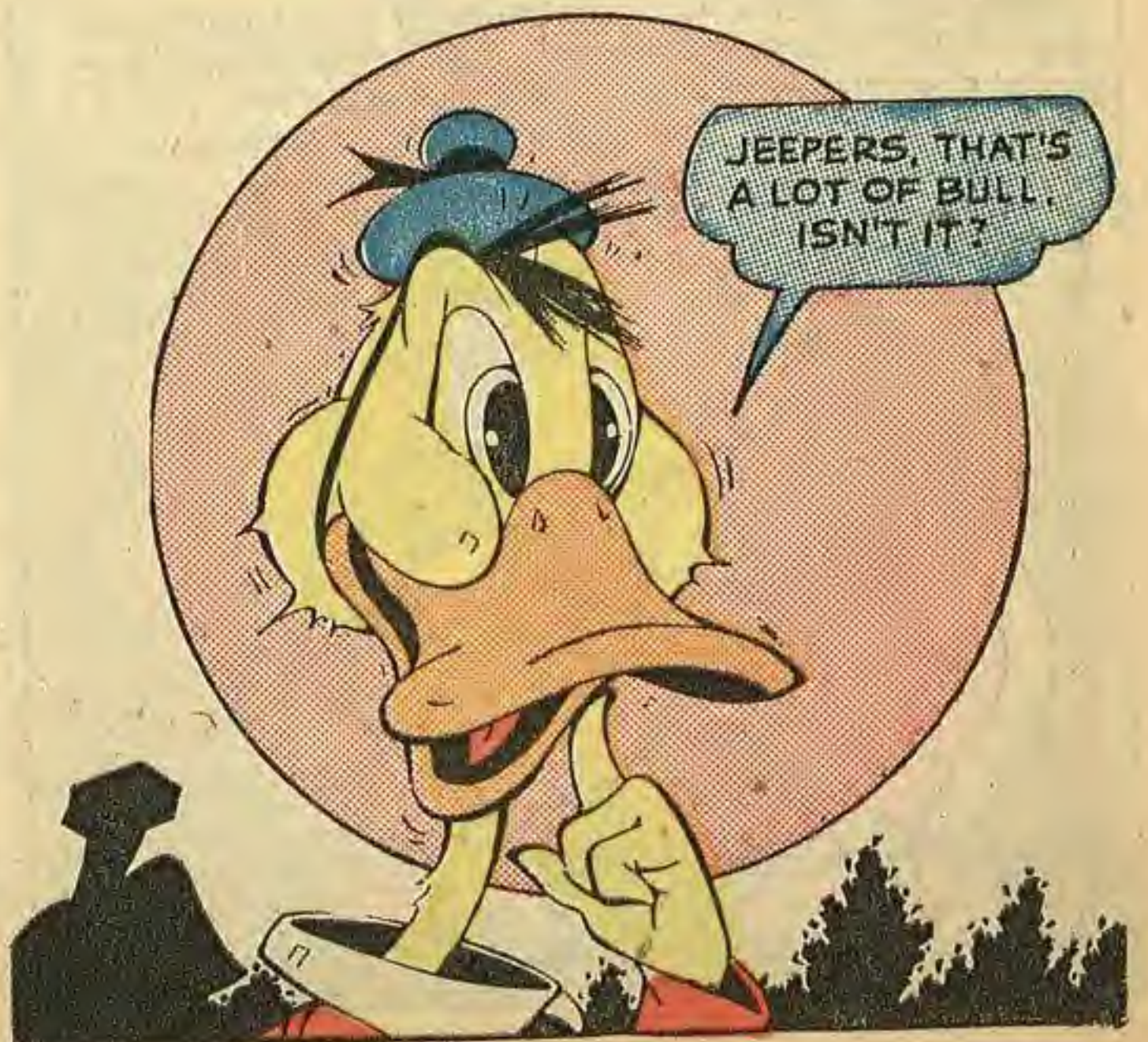


THIS TALE SHOULD BEGIN WITH OUR HERO  
FEARLESS, TRIUMPHANT AND GRINNING!  
BUT THAT PART'S AT THE END,  
SO WE'LL HAVE TO PRETEND  
THAT THE END IS AT THE BEGINNING!

IT SAYS HERE, IT SAYS,  
QUOTE -- "SEND 10 CENTS  
FOR BOOK ON 'HOW TO  
BE AS STRONG AS A  
2000 LB. BULL!'

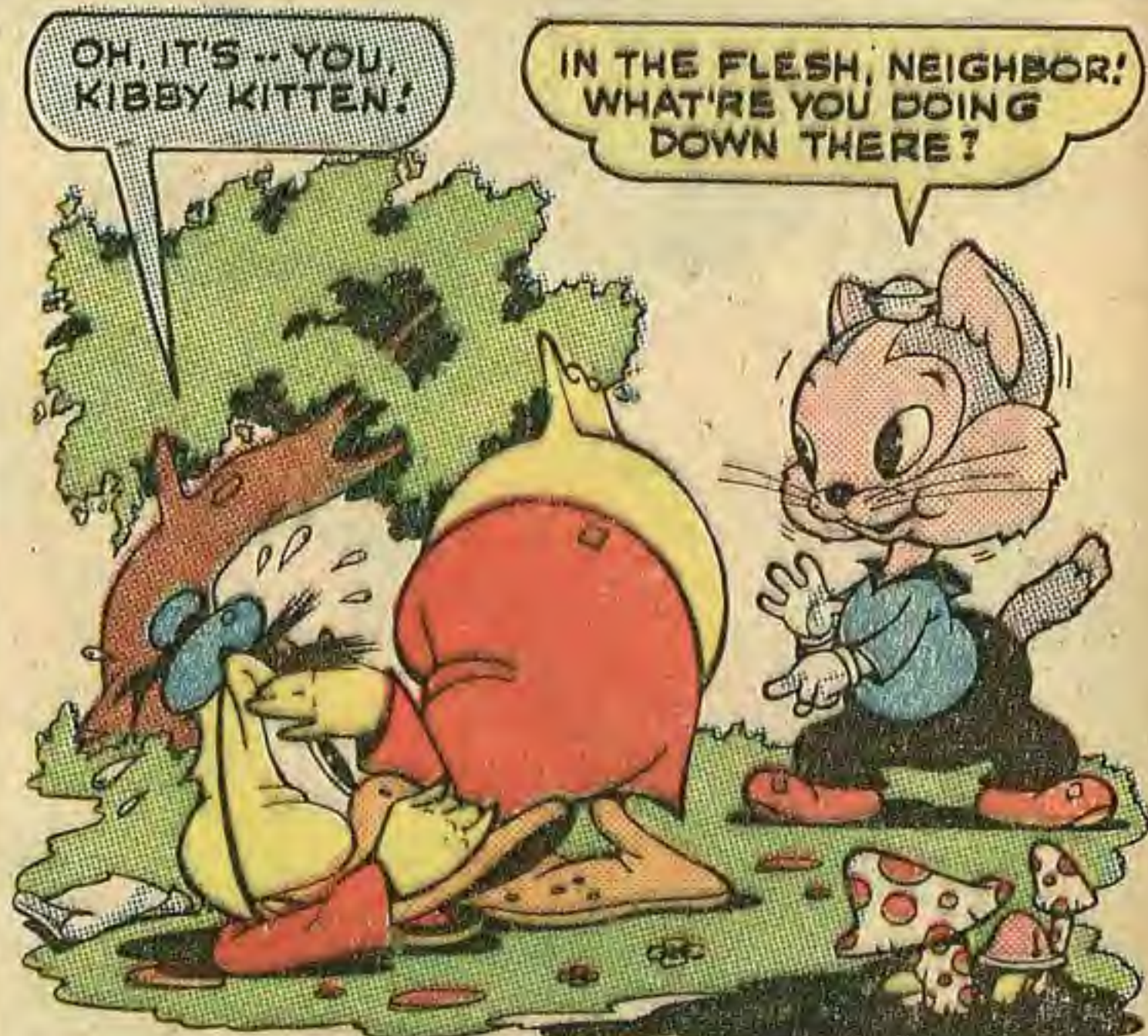
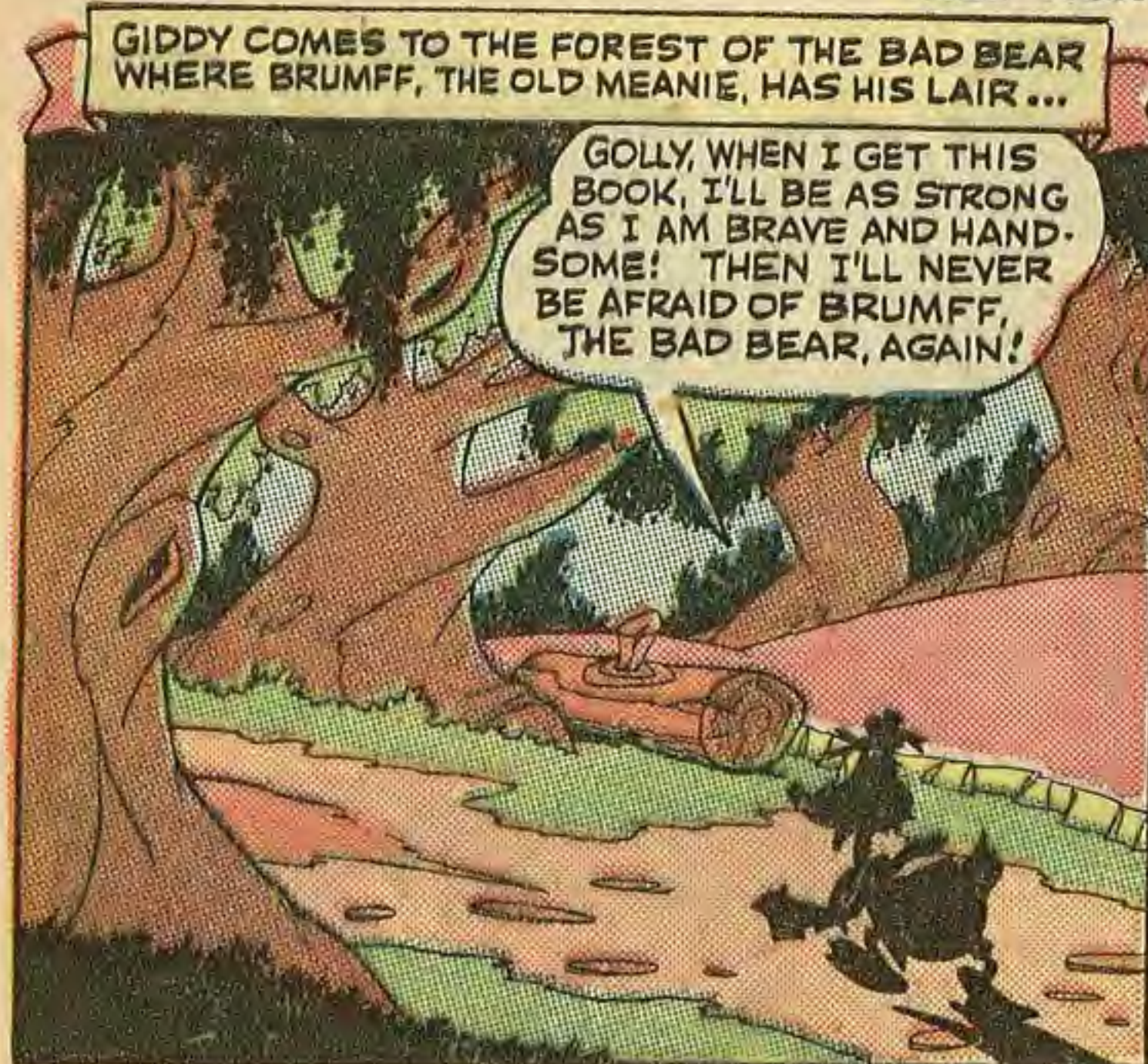


JEEPERS, THAT'S  
A LOT OF BULL.  
ISN'T IT?



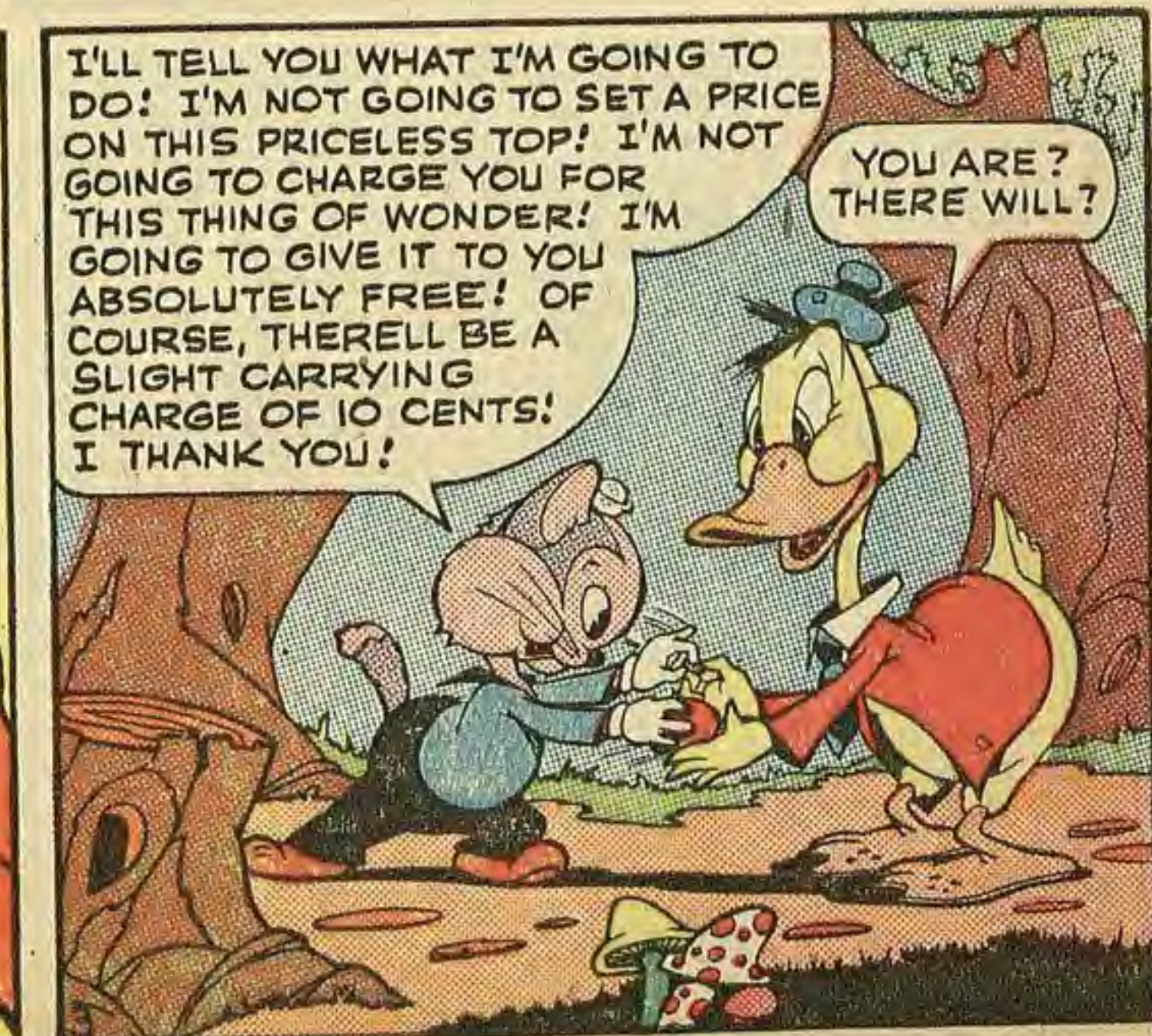
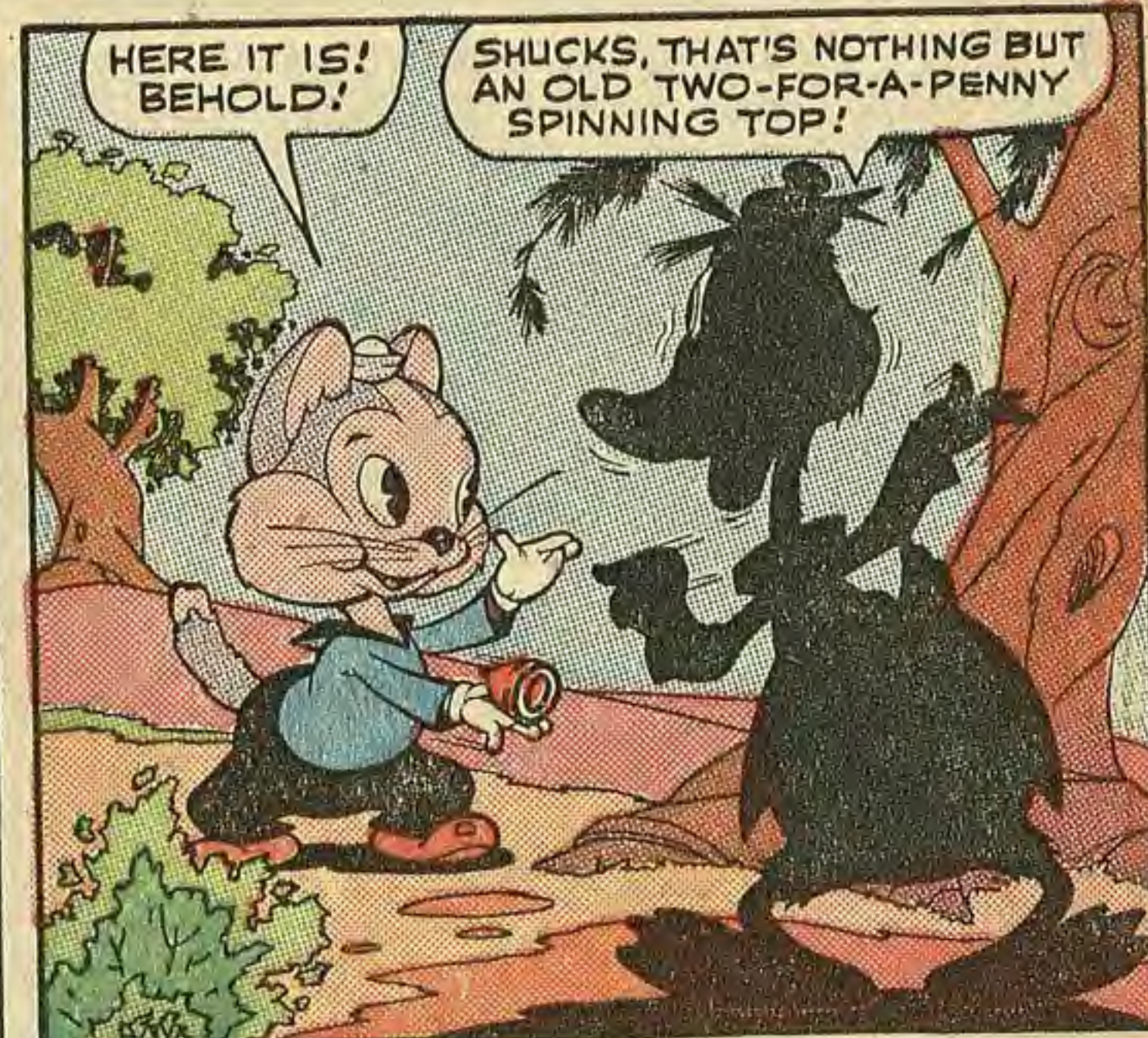


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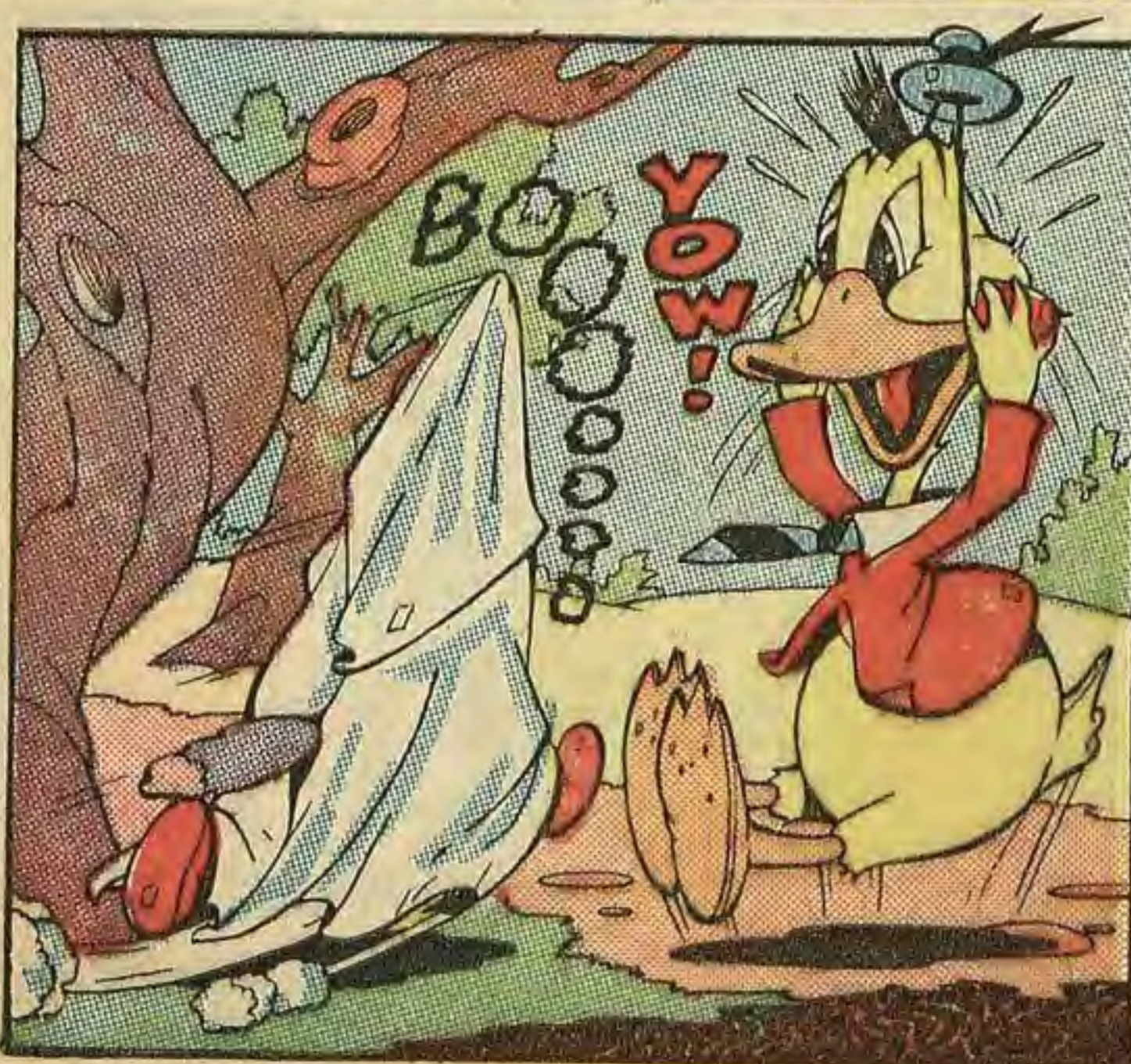
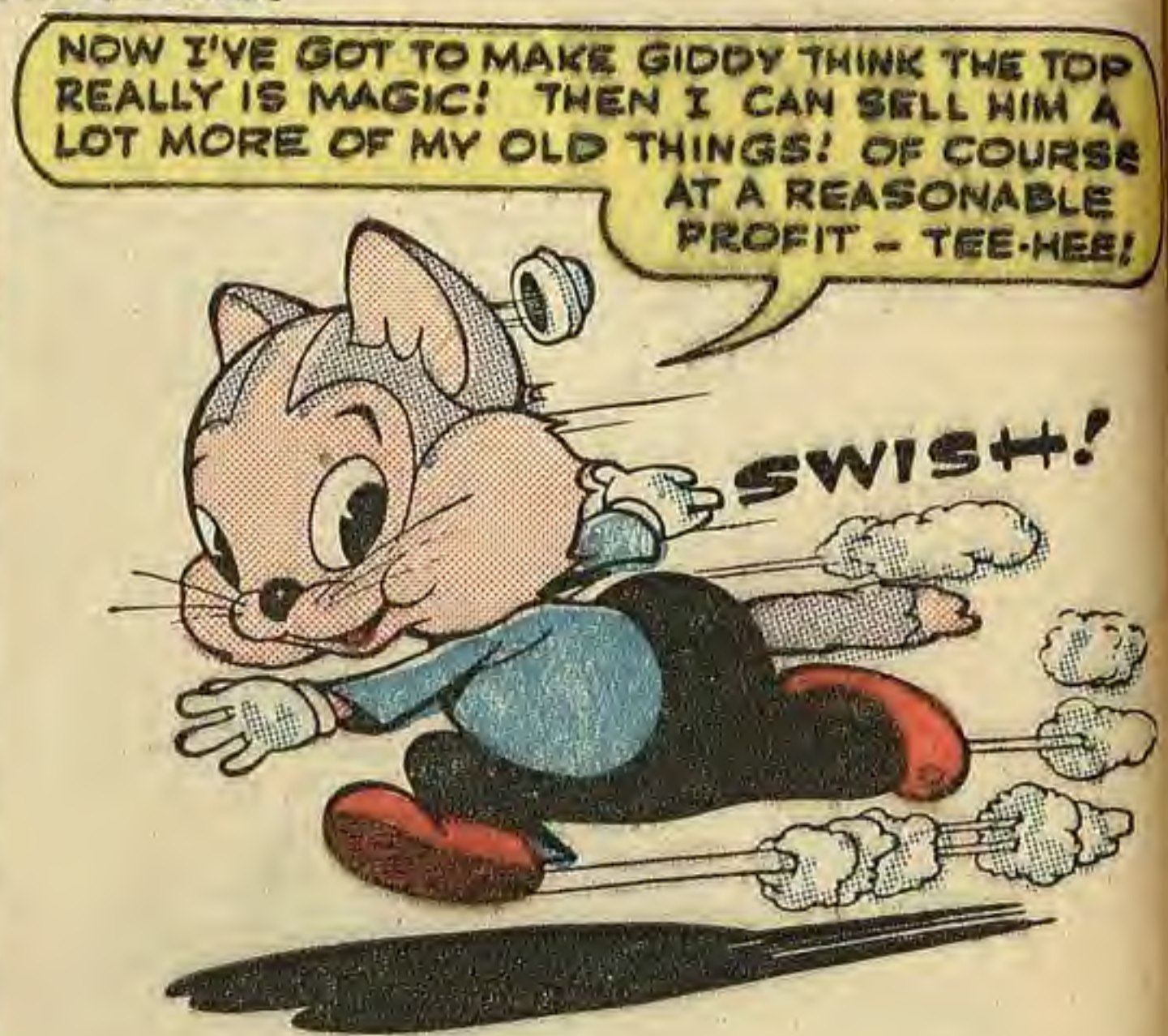


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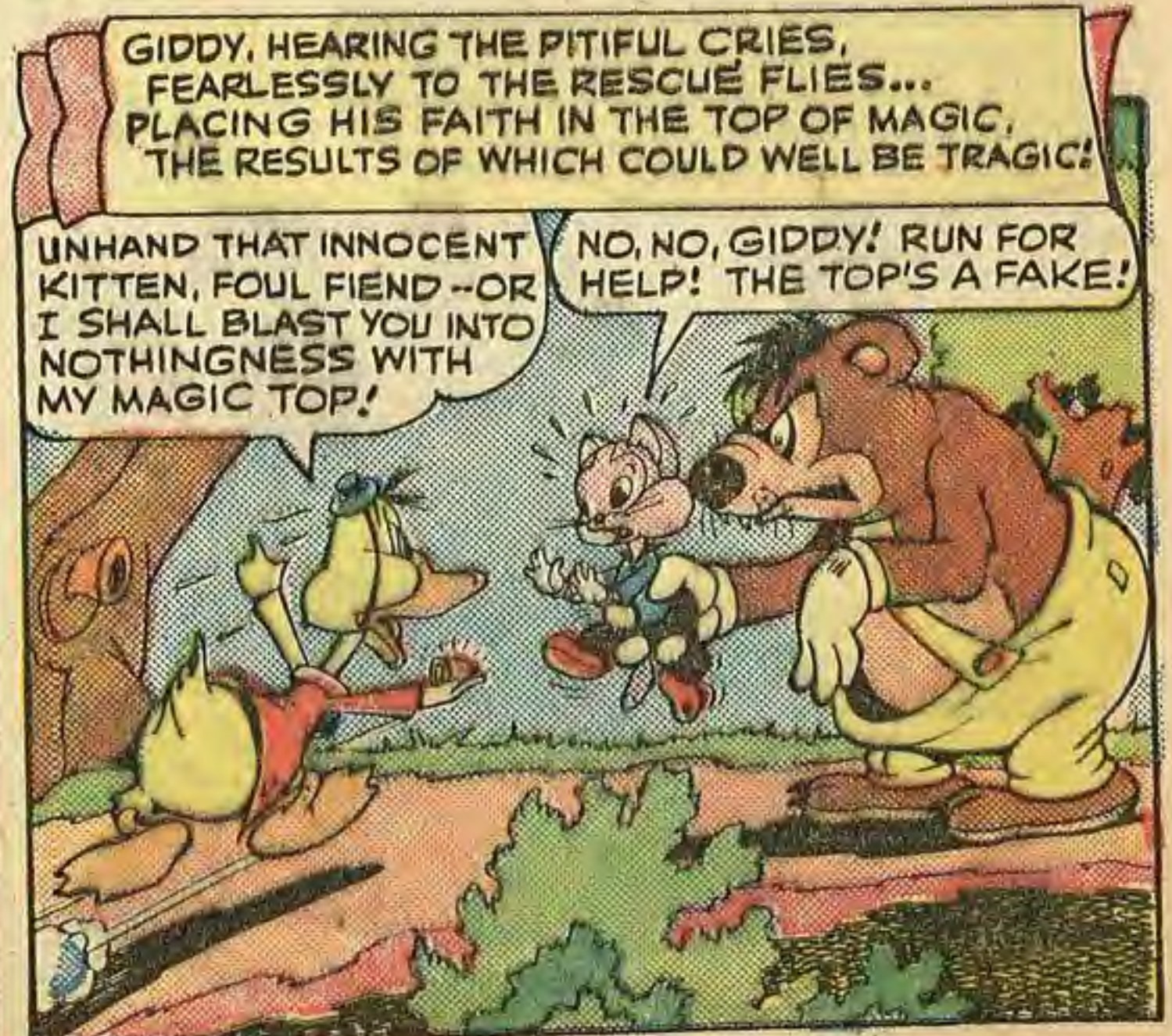
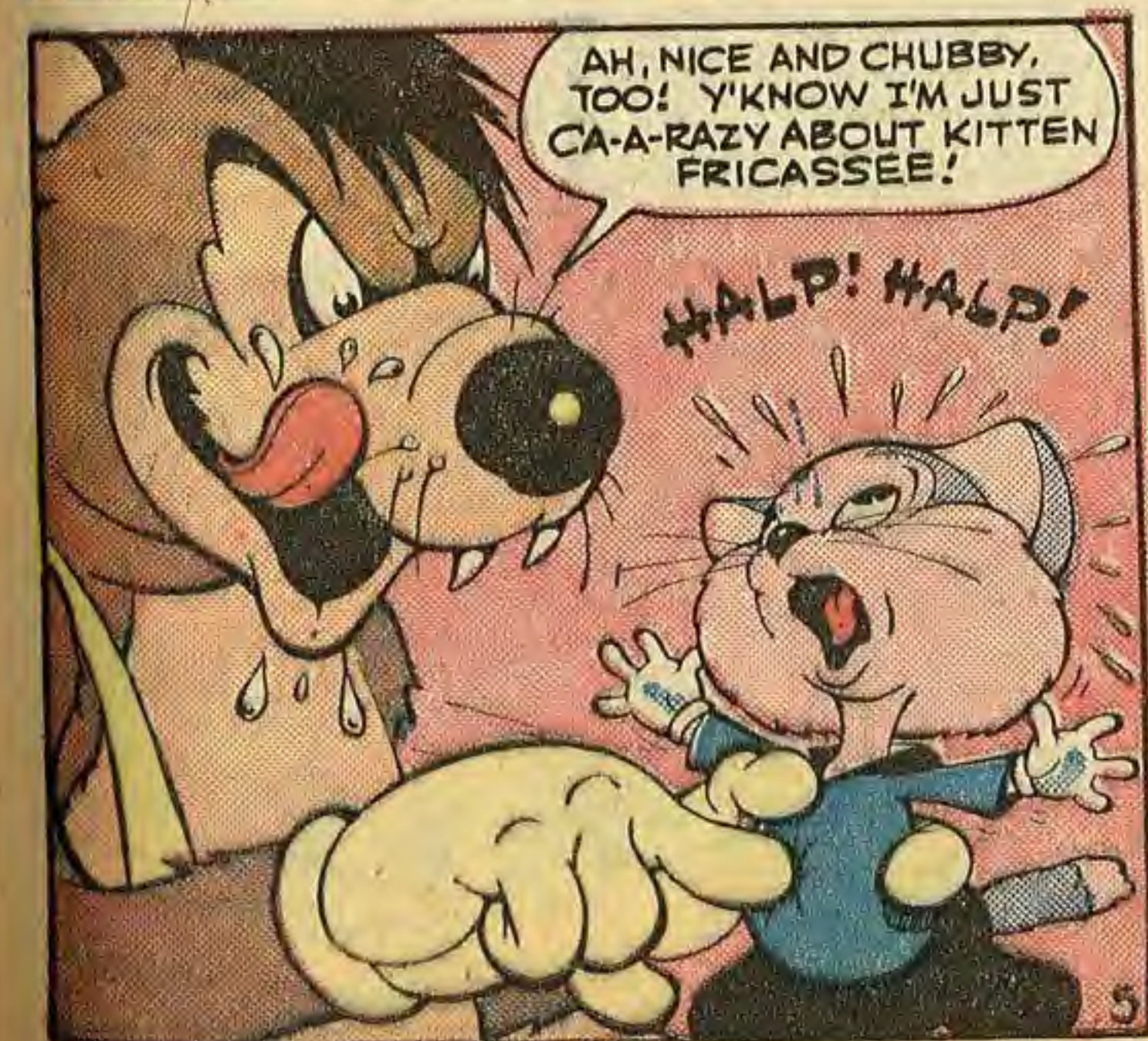
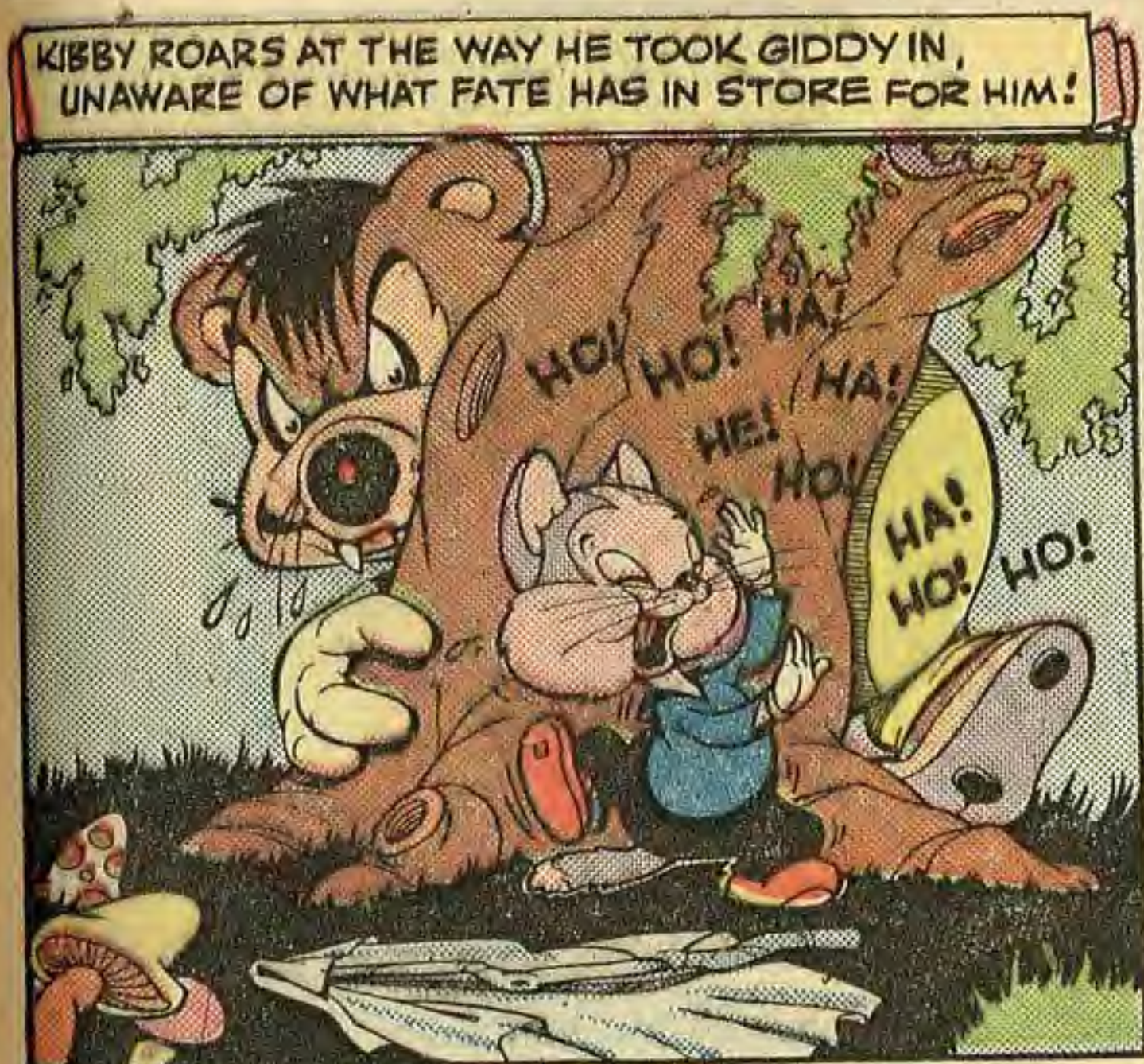


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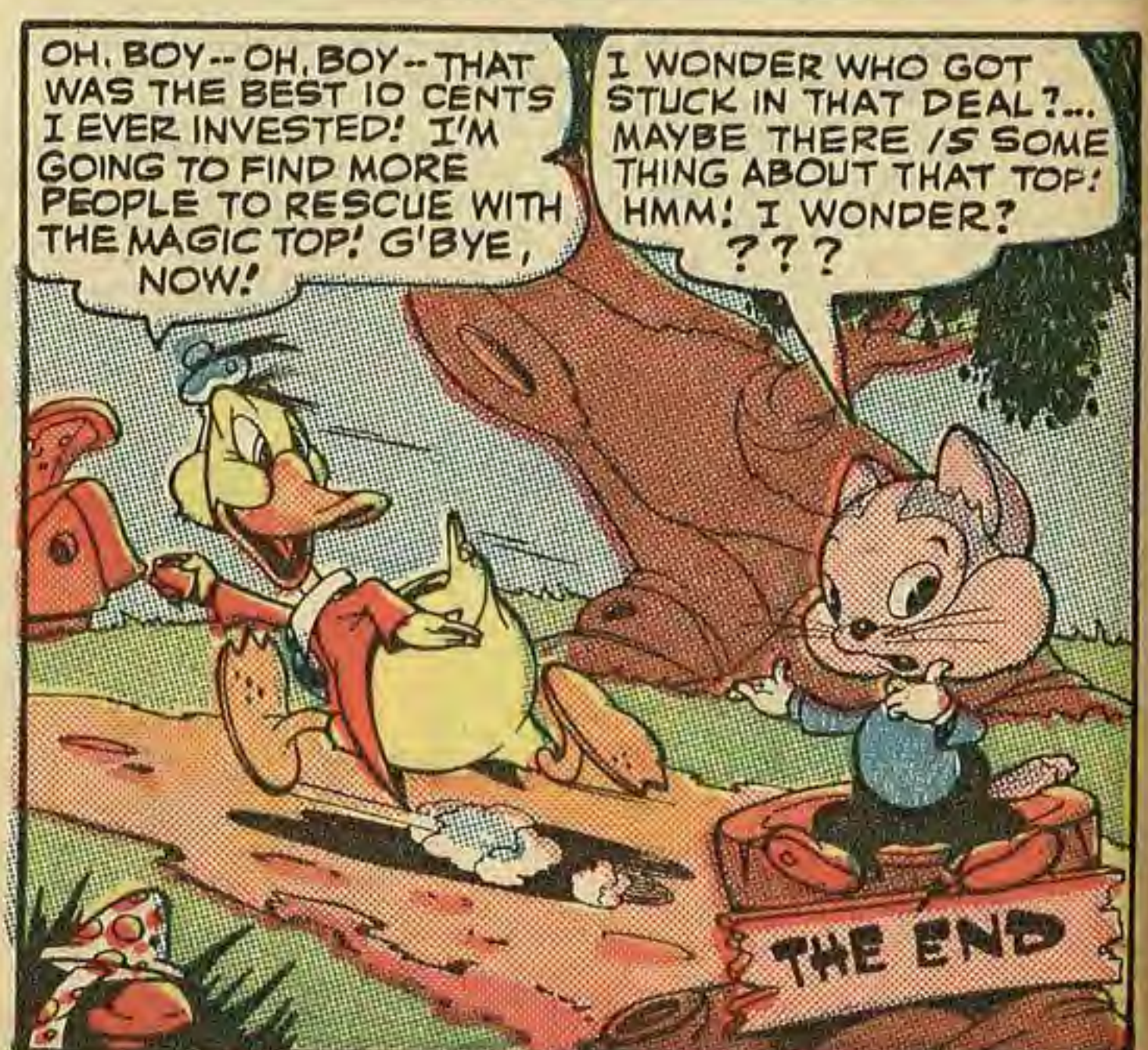


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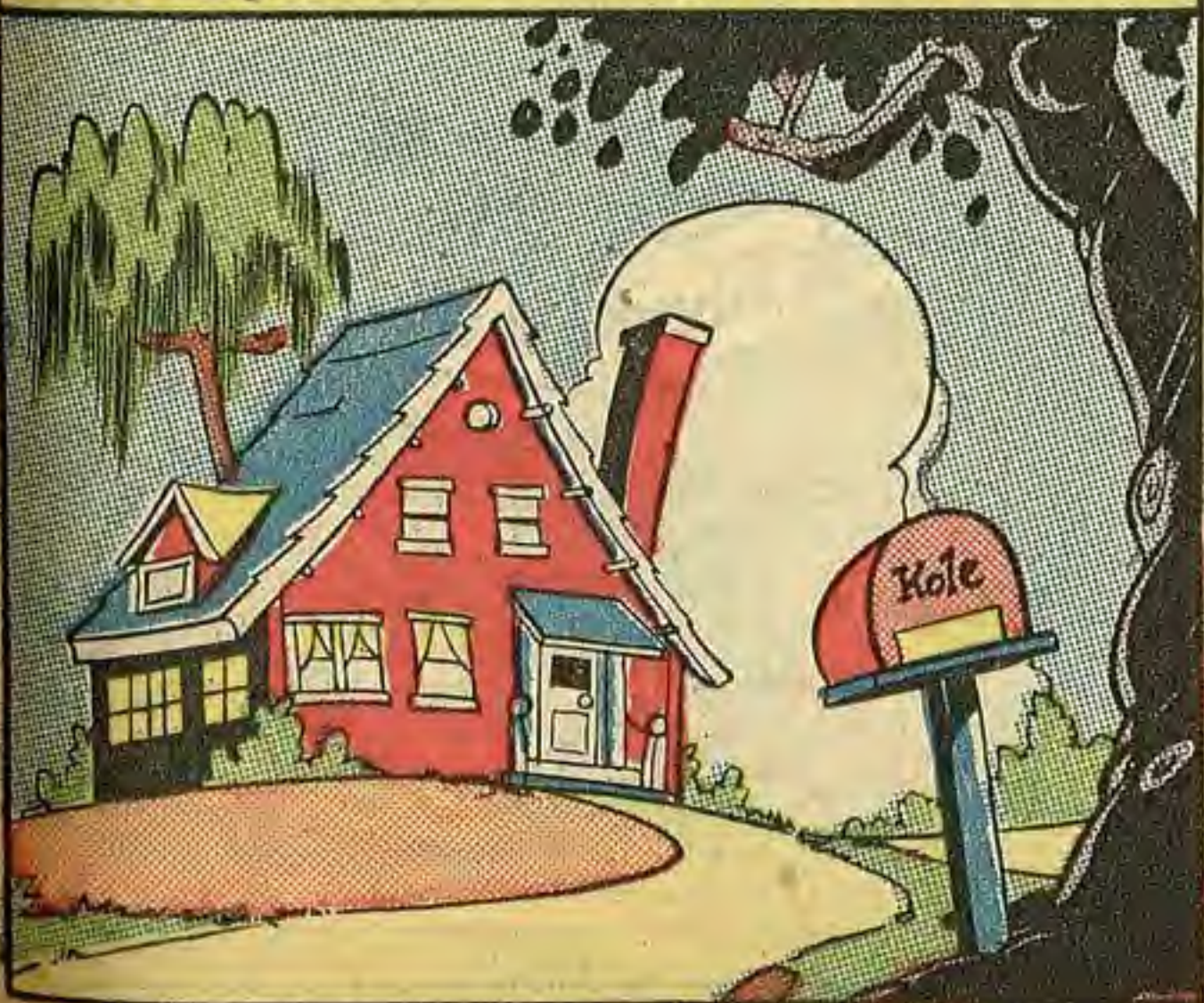
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# KIT 'N' KAT



by  
AL STAHL  
AND  
GINGER.

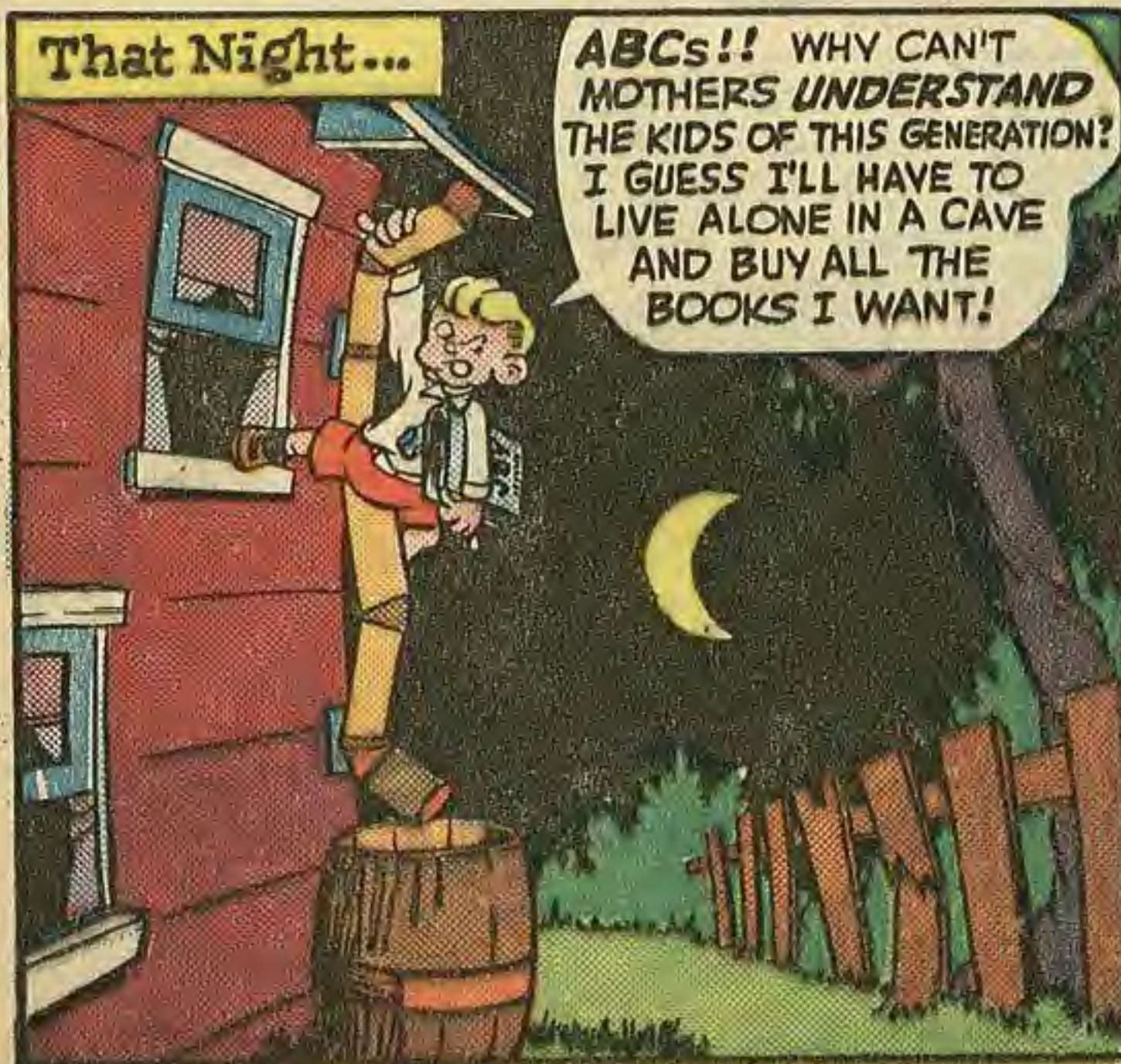
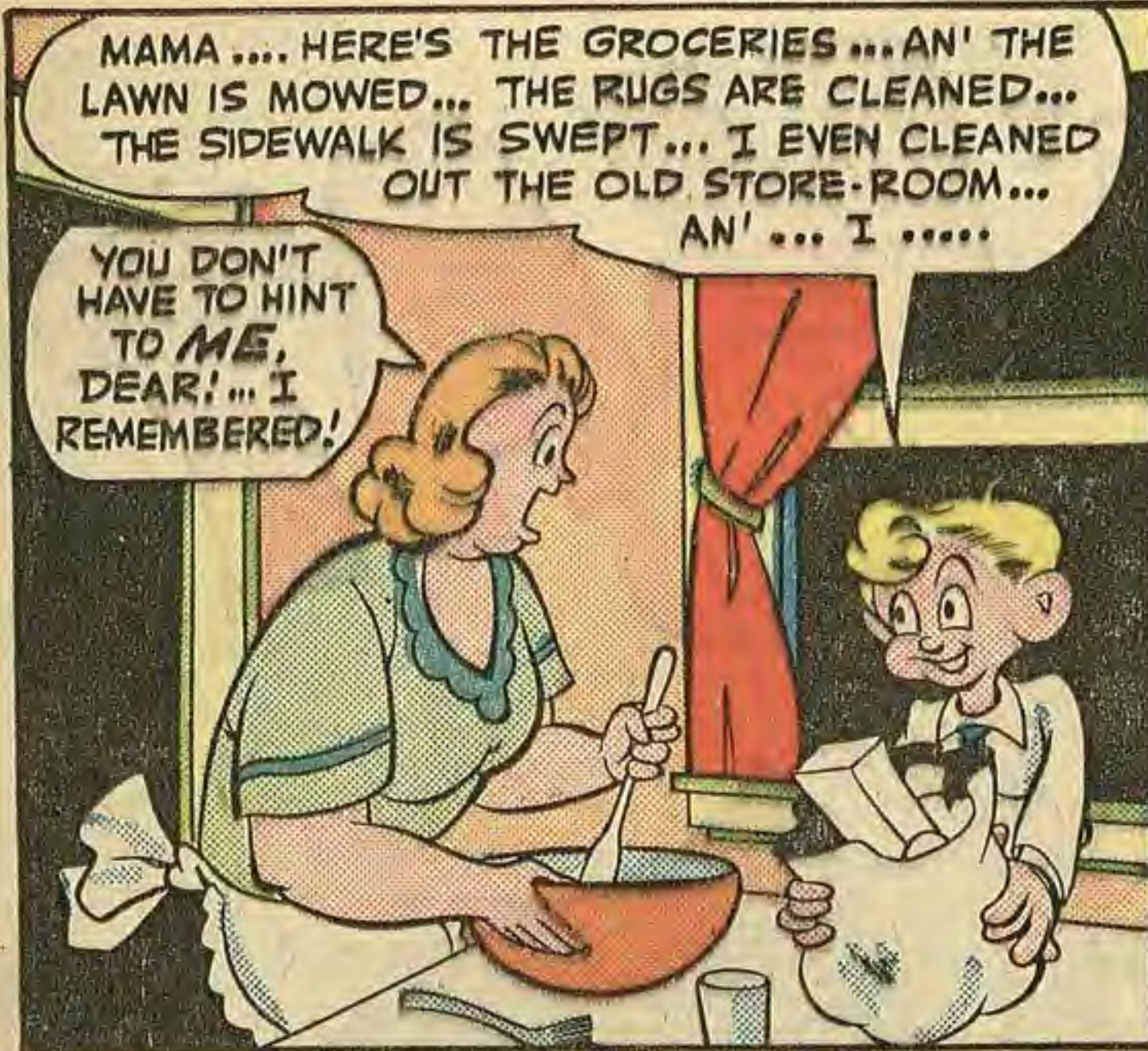
This is not an ordinary day in the Kole Family.... for on this day, exactly **EIGHT YEARS** ago, little Kittredge Kole was born!



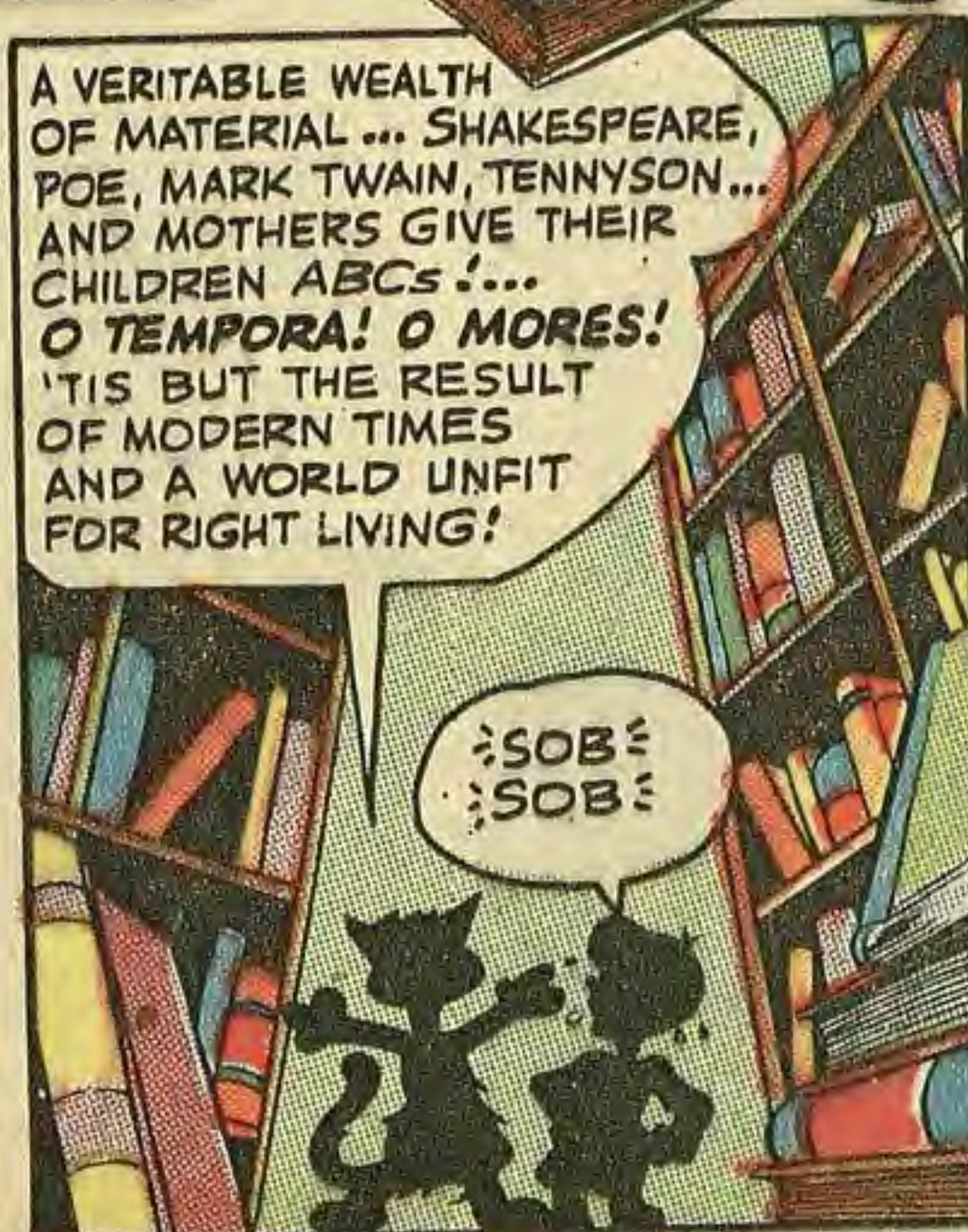
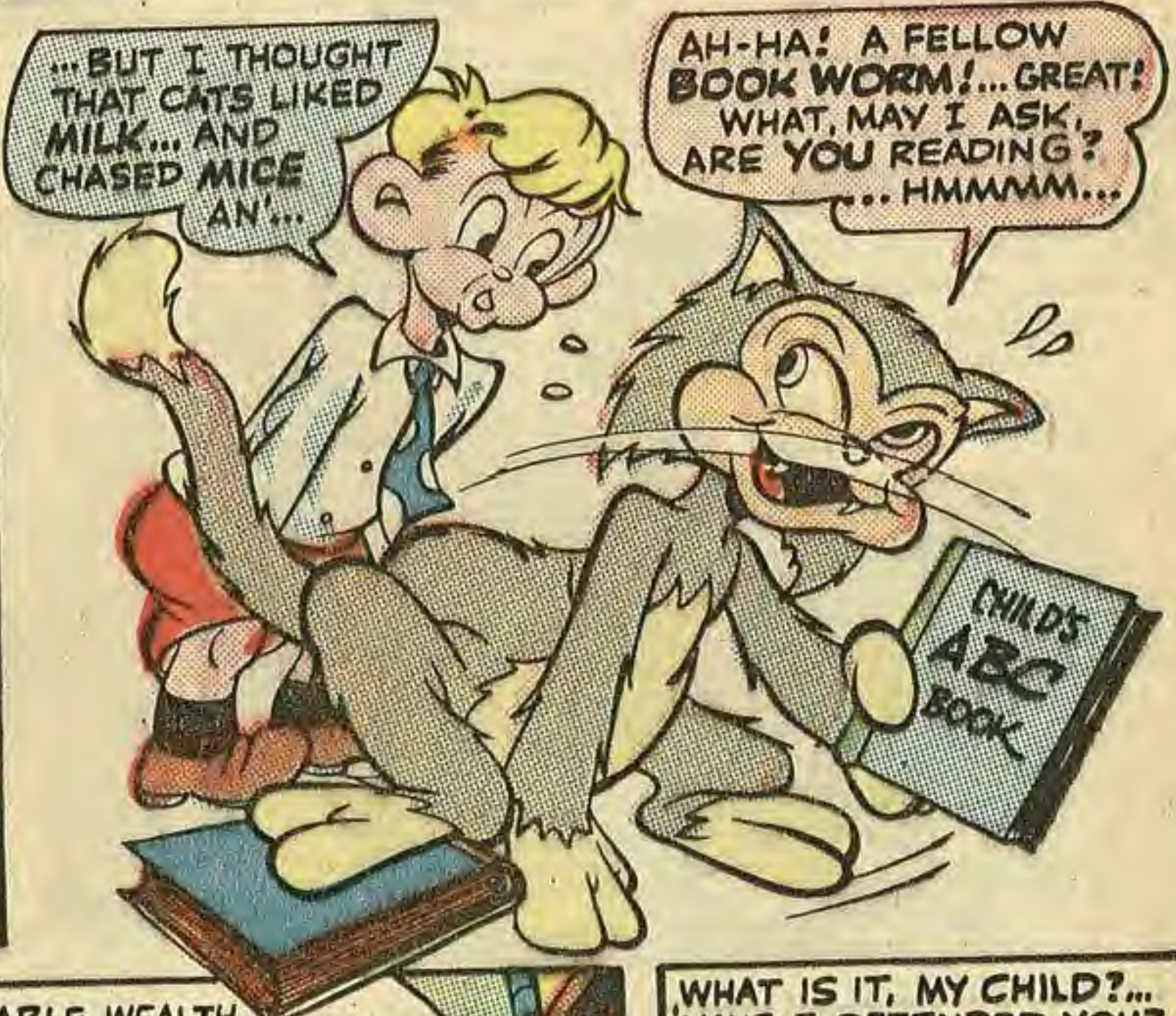
GOSH! **BIRTHDAYS** ARE WONDERFUL THINGS! I WISH I HAD ONE EVERY DAY... THEN LOOK AT ALL THE TOYS AND THINGS I WOULD GET! ... **GEE!**













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OH! I SEE ... AND I THINK I'M AWARE OF YOUR PREDICAMENT! ... DON'T CRY, LITTLE BOY ... I'LL BE YOUR PAW AND GIVE YOU THE **GUIDANCE AND UNDERSTANDING** THAT ALL CHILDREN NEED ... AND GOOD **BOOKS!** NOW ... **BLOW!**



GEE... YOU'RE A SMART CAT... THE SMARTEST CAT I EVER MET! WON'T YOU BE MY FRIEND AND ... LET ME COME AND **LIVE** WITH YOU? ... PLEASE ... M-M-MR. CAT?



ALAS! BUT **I** AM NUMBERED AMONG THE HOMELESS CATS OF THE COUNTRY! ... AT TIMES I RESORT TO **MEOWING** FOR FOOD ... PERHAPS I COULD ... THAT IS ... IF ... THERE'S ROOM FOR ME IN **YOUR** HOUSE!

**SURE THERE IS!**



GOSH! ... MOTHER **DOESN'T** LIKE CATS! ... WHAT WILL WE DO?

A MERE TRIFLE!... M'BOY, THERE'S NOT A FEMALE IN THE WORLD THAT CAN'T BE WON OVER THROUGH SUBTLE AND SKILLFUL HANDLING!



MY NAME'S **KIT!** PLEASED TO MEET YOU!



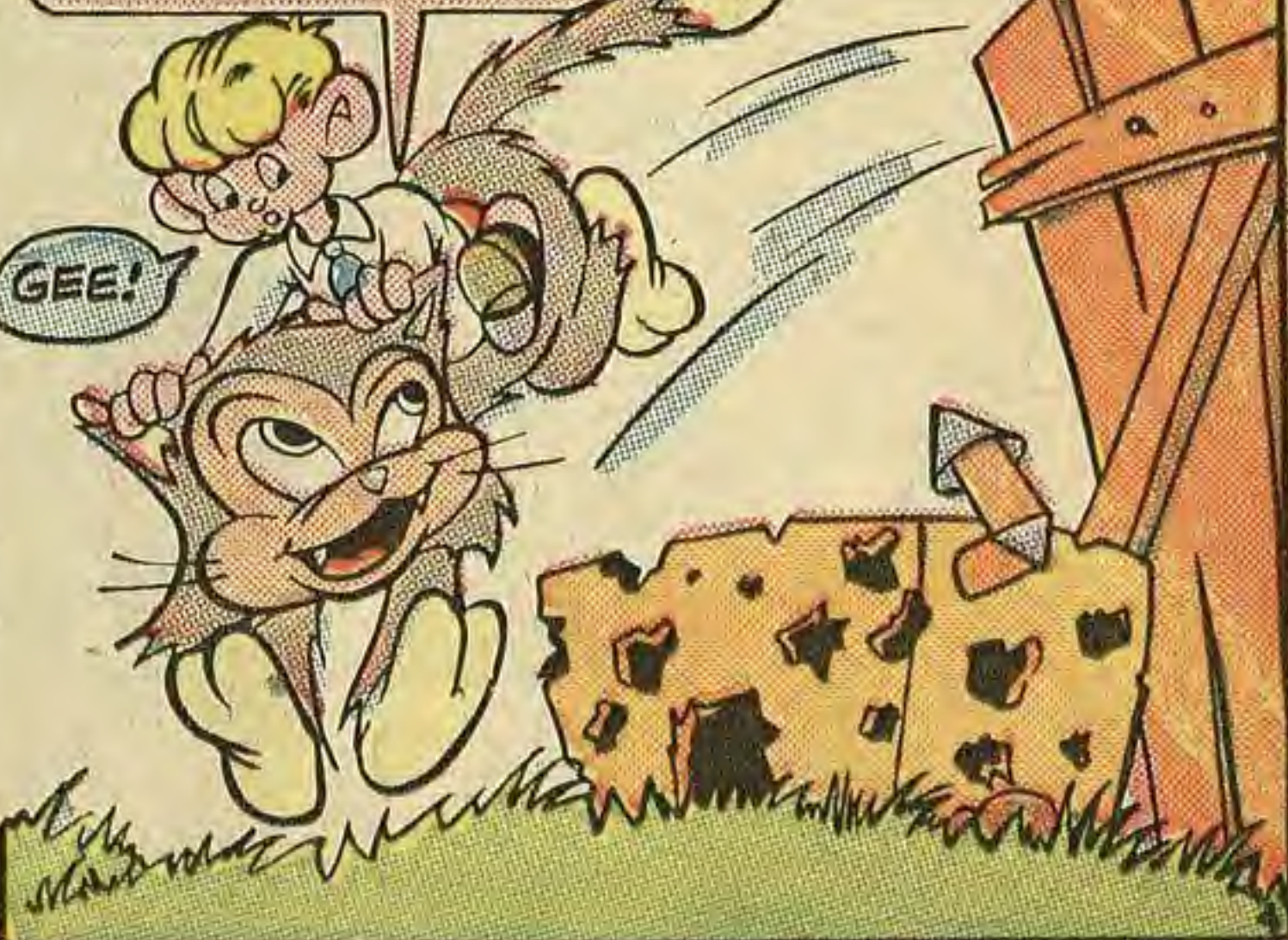
CALL ME **MR. KAT!**

WELL, KIT ... THIS SITUATION REQUIRES THE TACTFUL ASSISTANCE OF OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, THE **MOUSE!**

A **MOUSE??** WHY, I THOUGHT THAT CATS DON'T LIKE **MICE!**

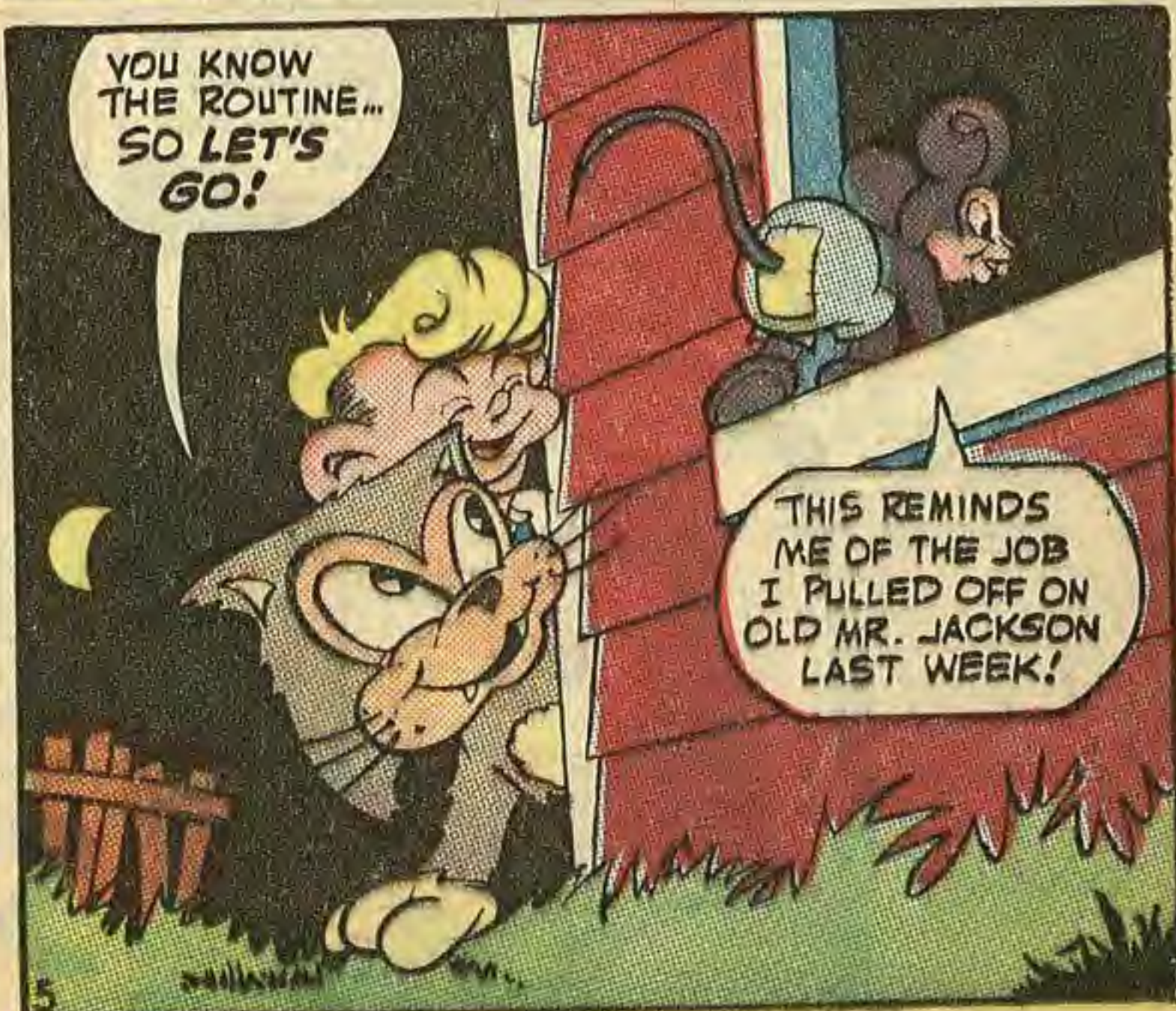
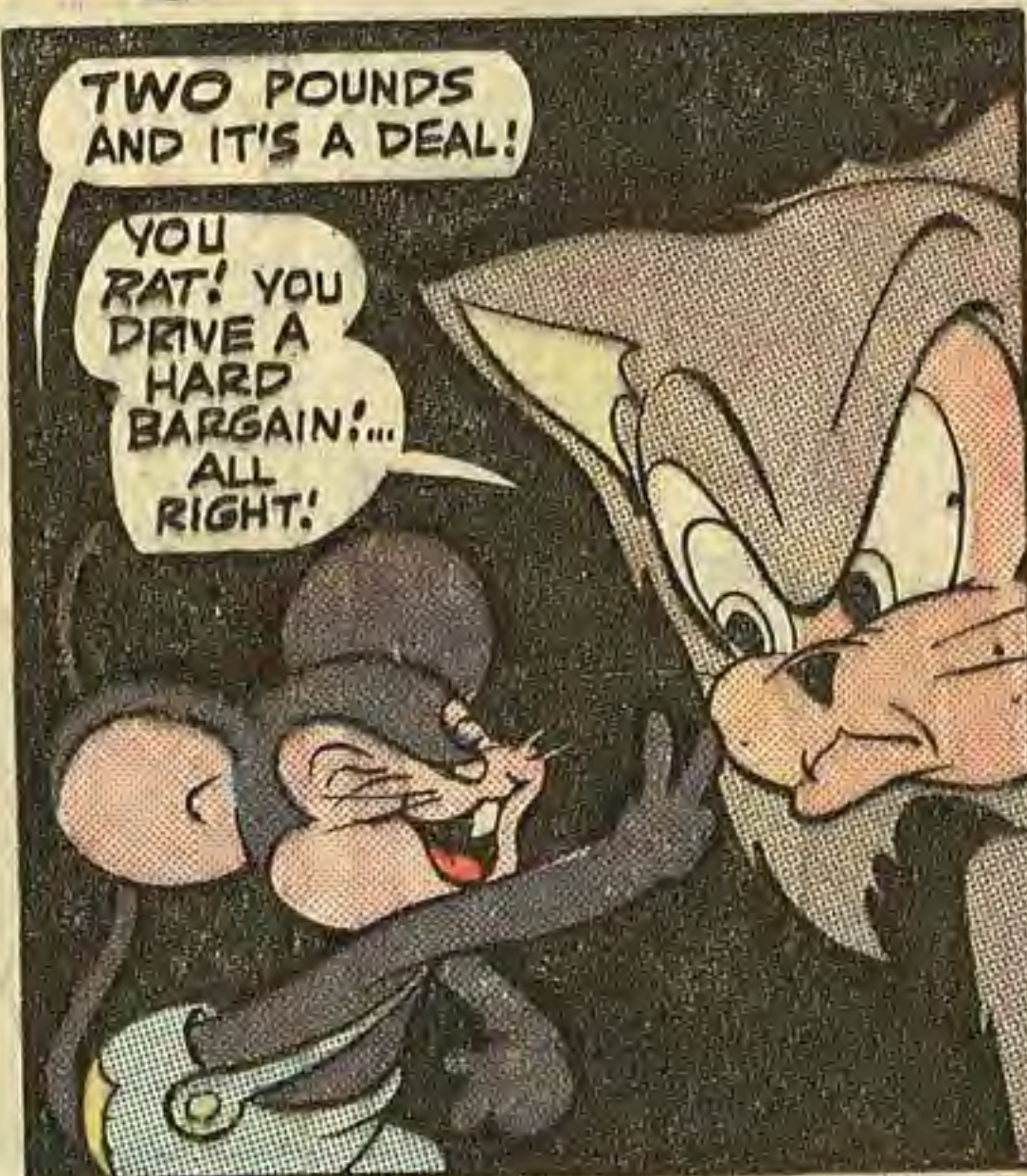
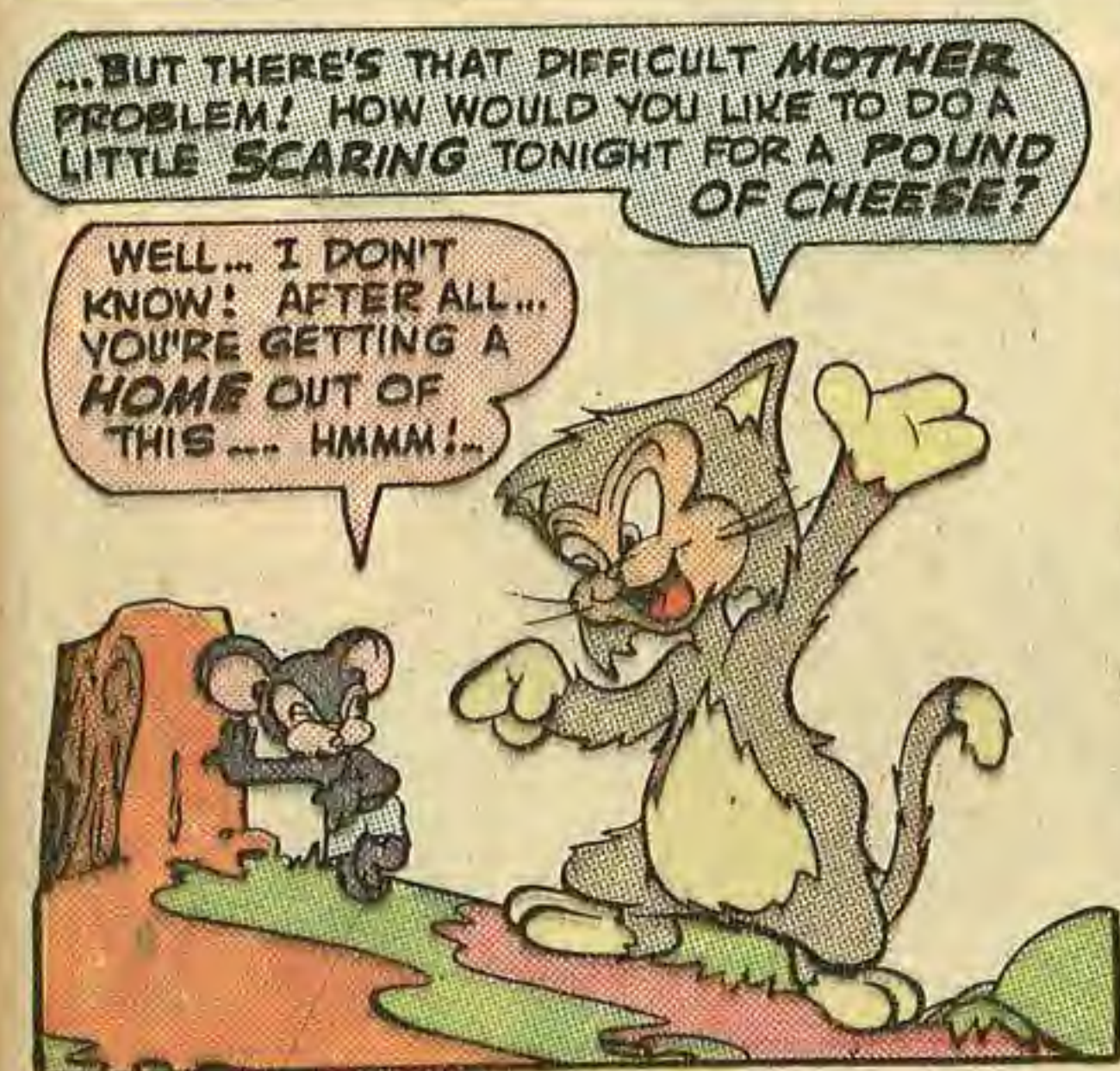
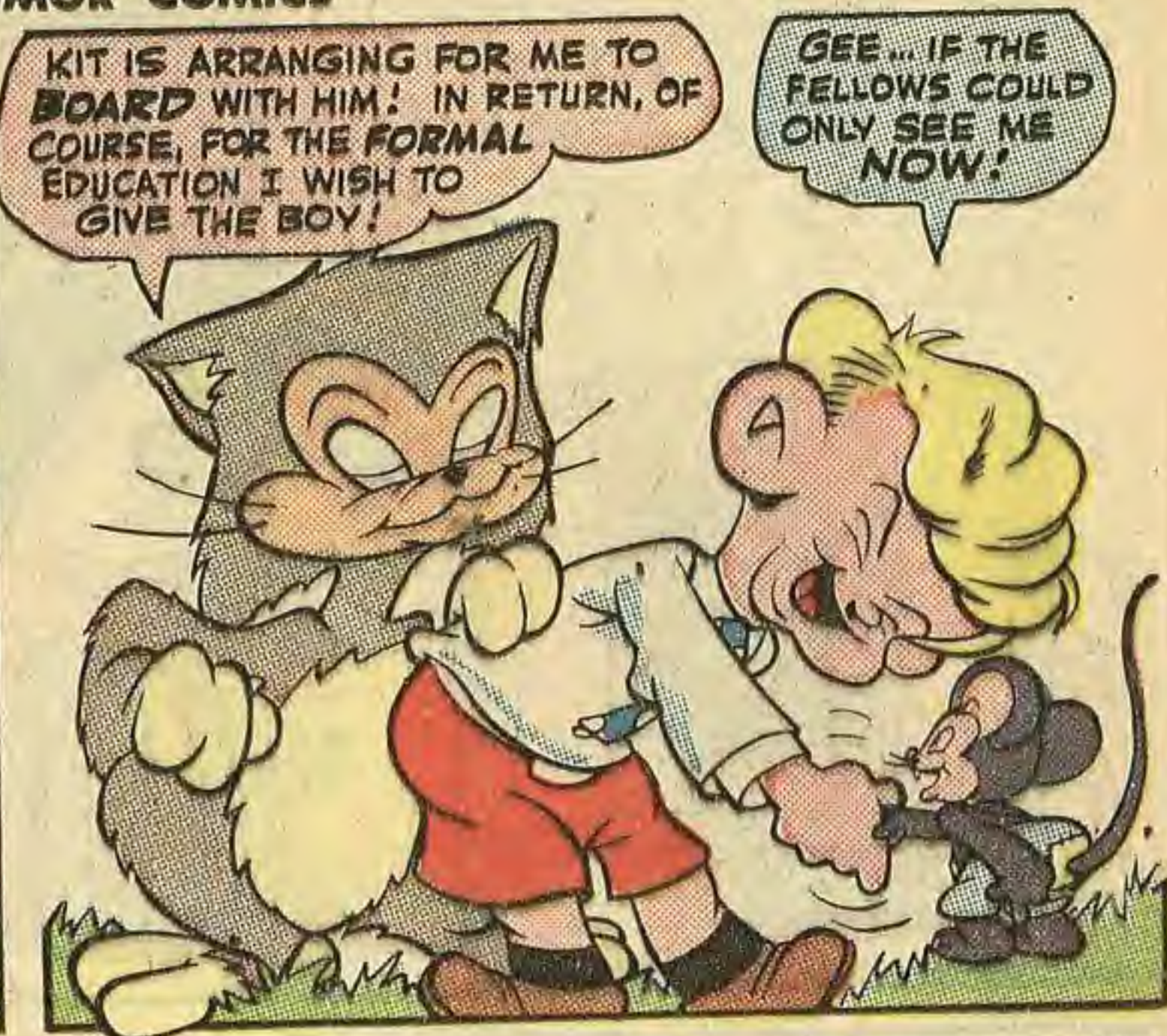


NONSENSE! ... WE JUST LET **GROWN UPS** THINK THAT! IT'S NECESSARY FOR OUR OWN SECURITY! ACTUALLY THE MOUSE AND I ARE **GREAT PALS!**

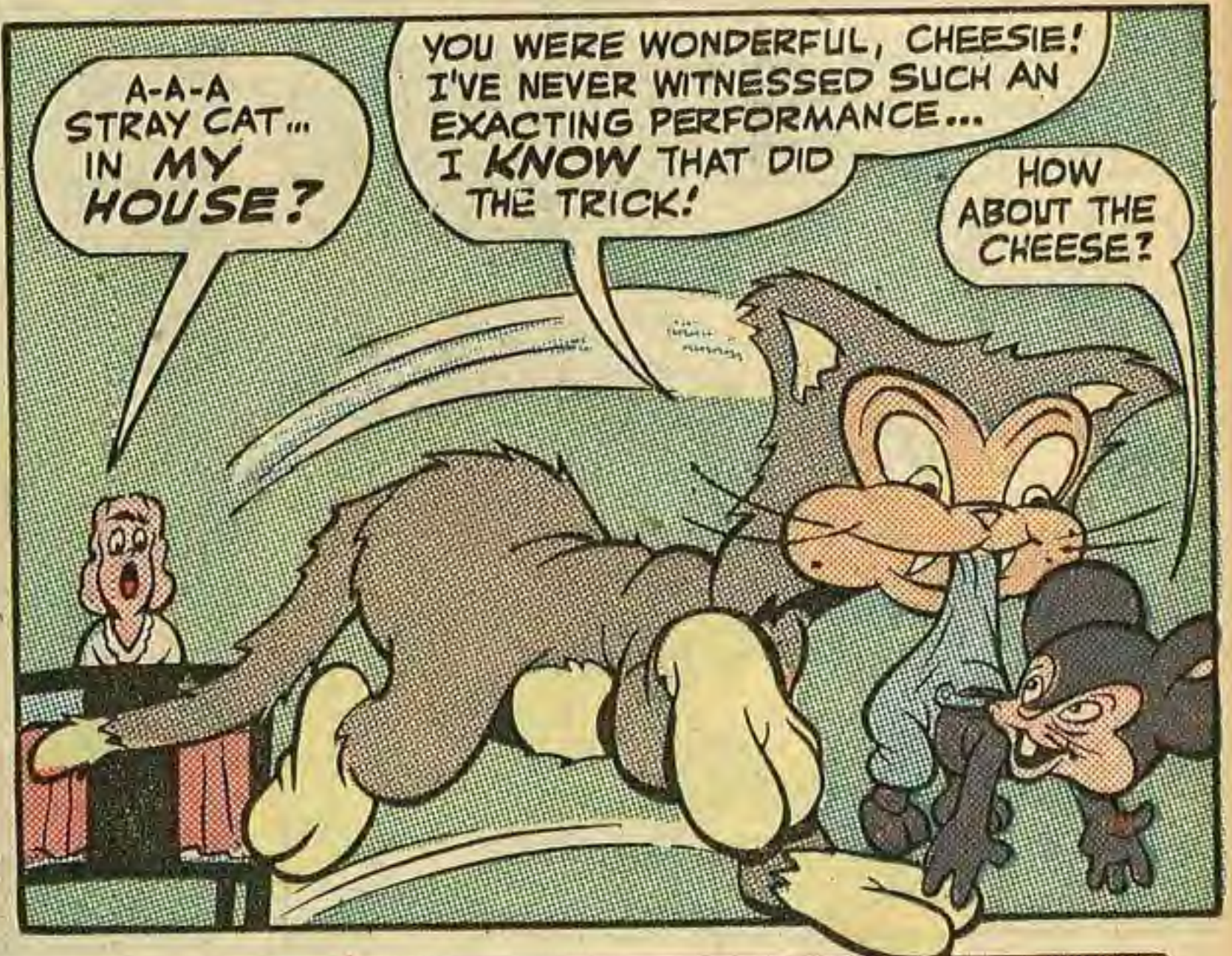
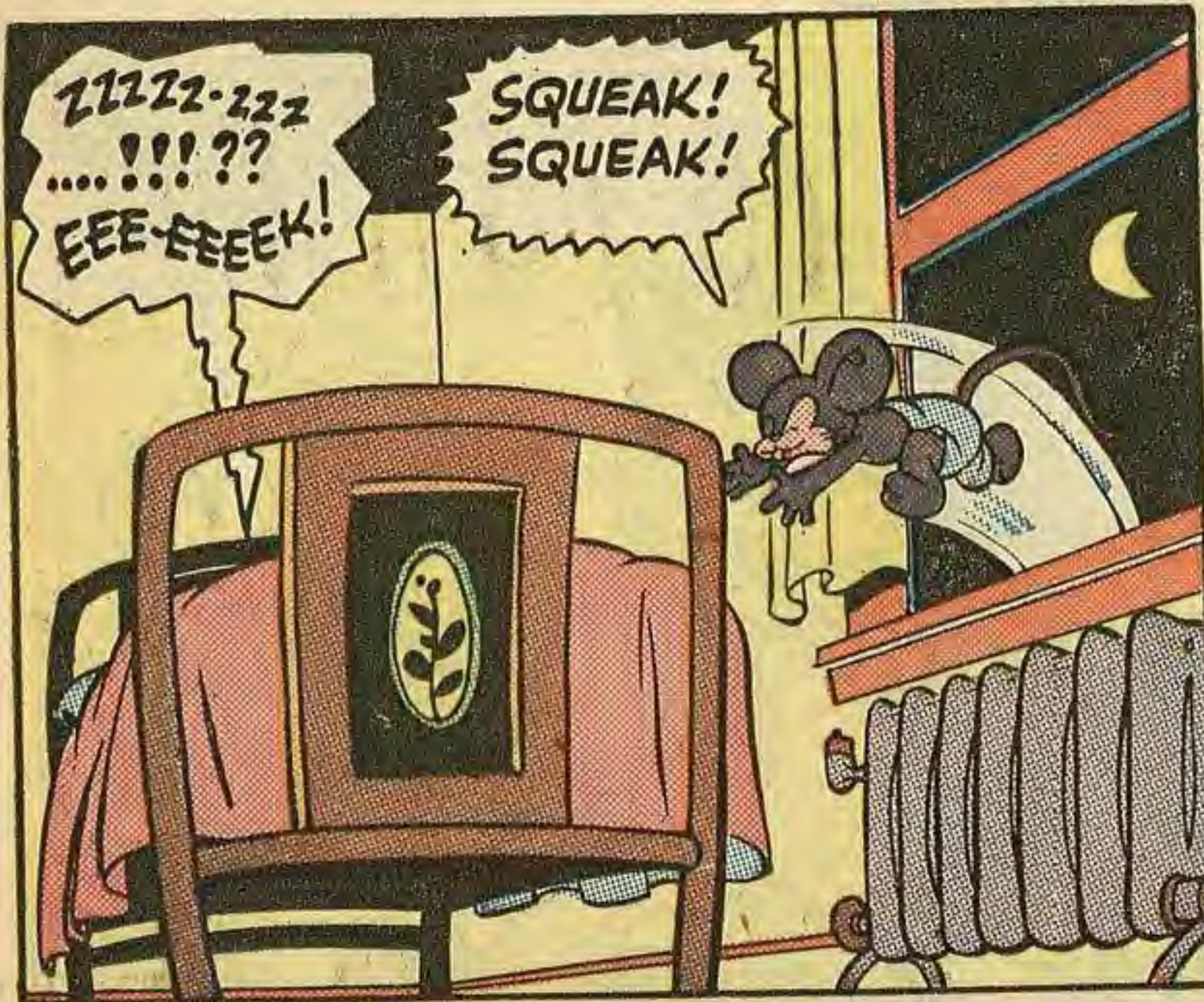




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# Uncle Fuddly

by Paul Gustavson

The Busiest Guy in town - minding everyone else's business!

THAT'S RIGHT!...  
BLAME IT  
ON ME!

WHEN I  
WAS ONLY  
TRYING  
T'HELP!

One small town's no different from another -- and as small towns go, there always goes Uncle Fuddly!

OH-OH! WHAT'S  
GOING ON? BETTER  
FIND OUT WHAT  
THE MAYOR'S  
UP TO!

MAYOR'S  
OFFICE

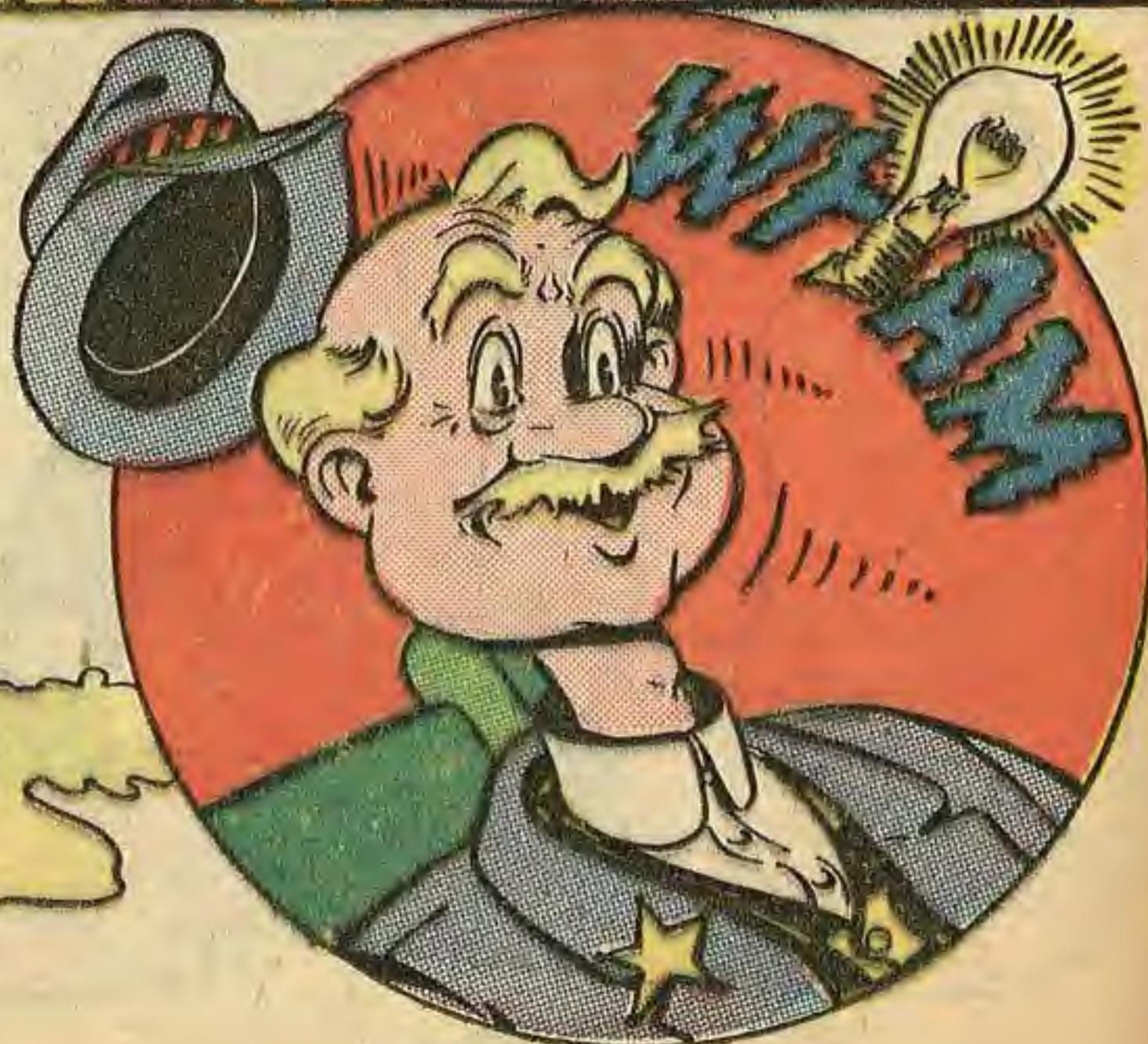
HIYA, MAYOR!... ER...  
H'LOPE, MAYOR!...  
HMMM!... GOT  
TROUBLES?...  
ANYTHING  
I CAN DO?

SILENCE

OH--OKAY! IF  
THE CAT'S GOT  
YOUR TONGUE--  
JUST FORGET  
THAT I STOPPED!  
AFTER ALL--  
I WAS ONLY  
TRYING TO  
HELP YOU!

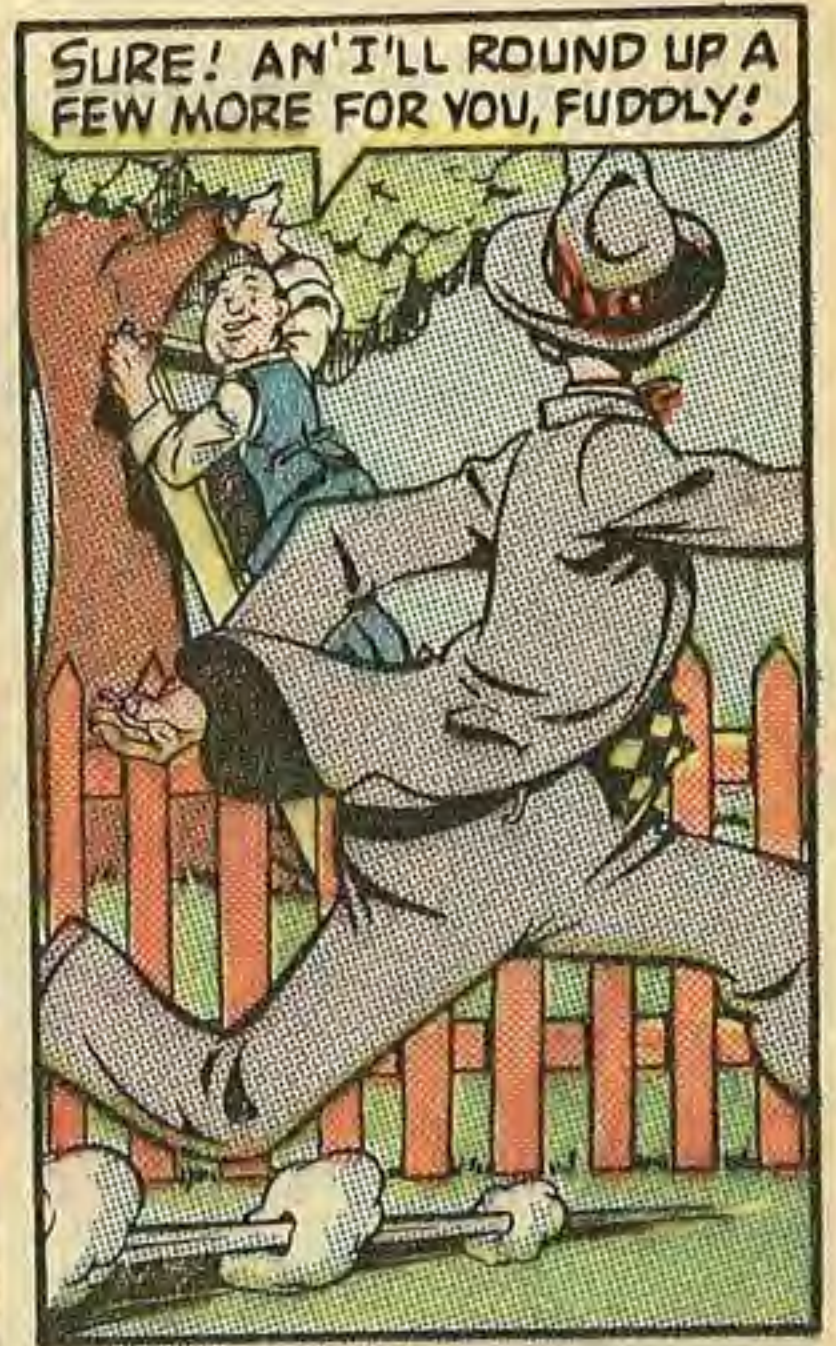


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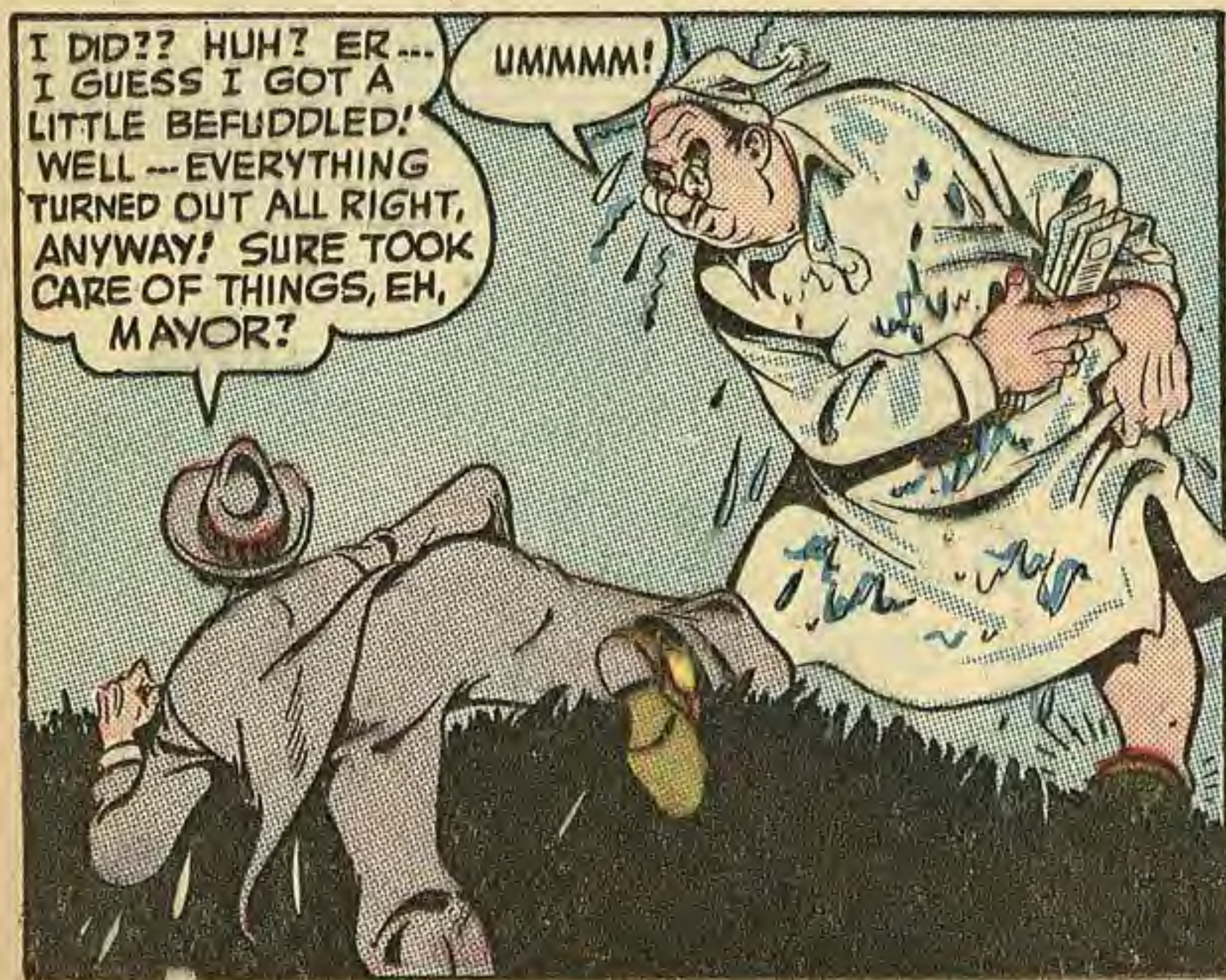
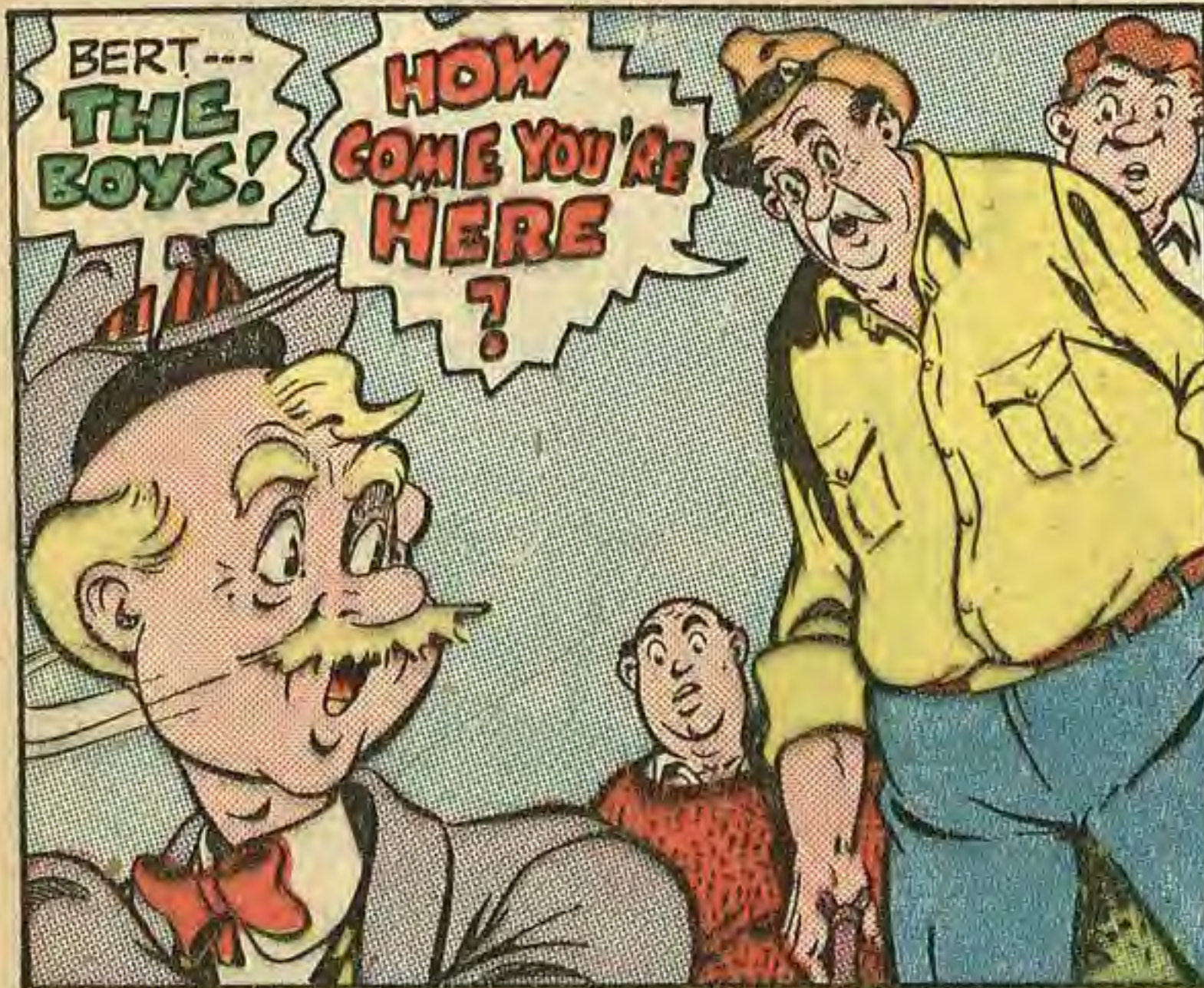


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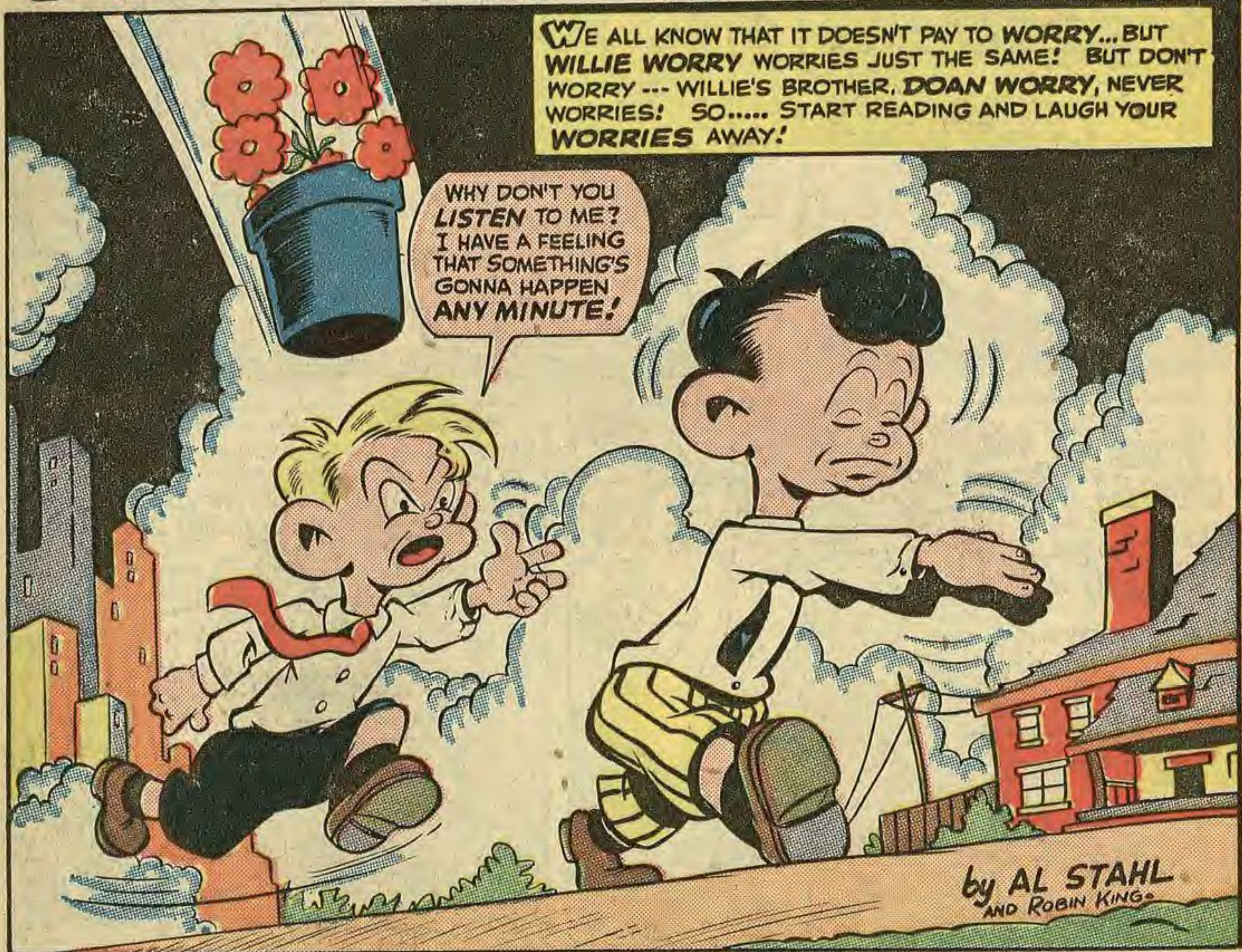


ALL HUMOR COMICS

# WILLIE WORRY

WE ALL KNOW THAT IT DOESN'T PAY TO WORRY... BUT WILLIE WORRY WORRIES JUST THE SAME! BUT DON'T WORRY --- WILLIE'S BROTHER, DOAN WORRY, NEVER WORRIES! SO..... START READING AND LAUGH YOUR WORRIES AWAY!

WHY DON'T YOU LISTEN TO ME? I HAVE A FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S GONNA HAPPEN ANY MINUTE!



by AL STAHL  
AND ROBIN KING

THERE, DOAN ... YOU SEE? THESE FACTS PROVE THAT EVERY YEAR TWO MILLION PEOPLE ARE HURT BY ACCIDENTS! NOW MAYBE YOU WON'T BE SO CARELESS!

SO WHAT?!!



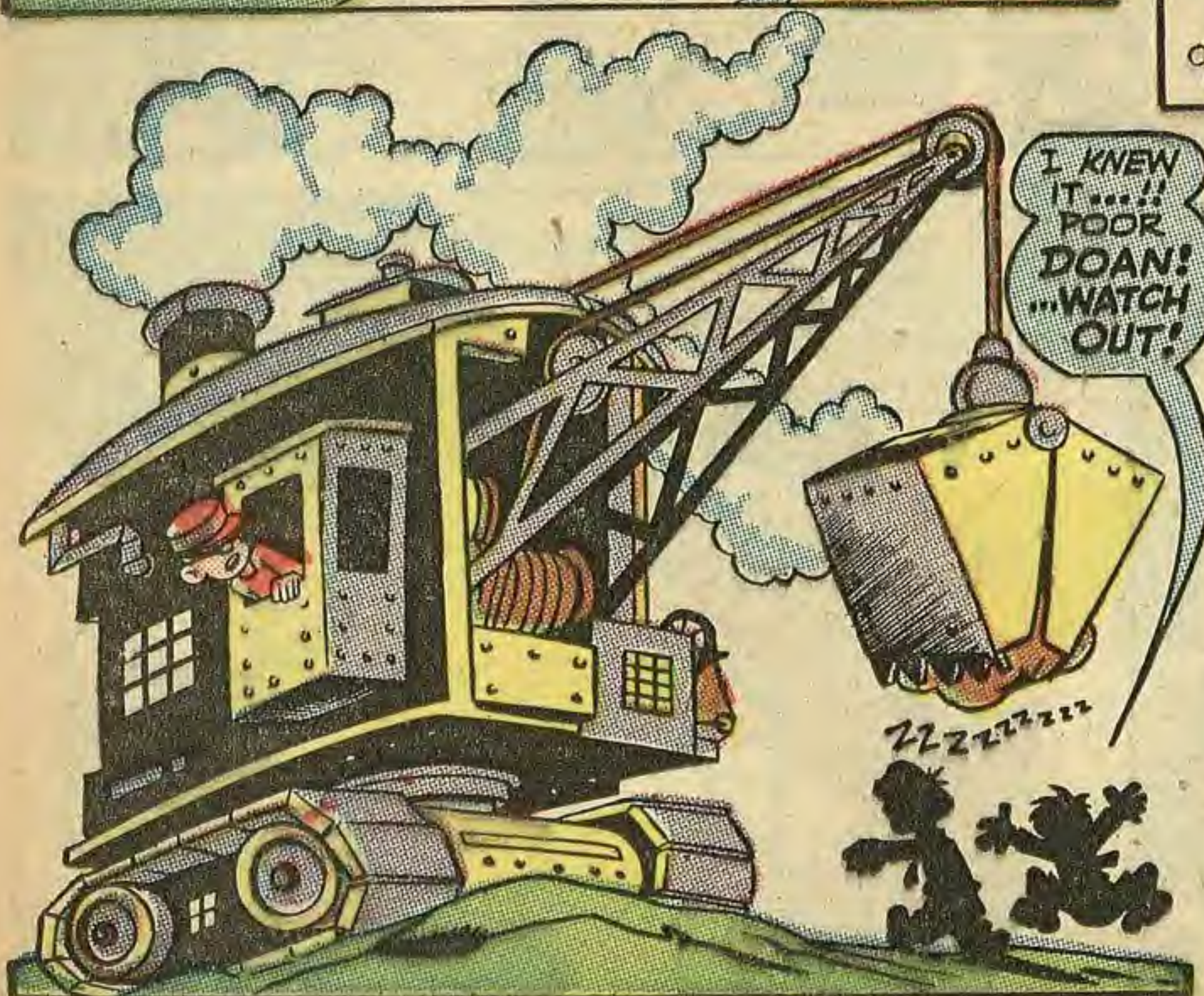
YOU'RE NUTTY, WILLIE! IF SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO SOMEBODY, NOTHING CAN STOP IT! PHOOIE ON FATE!



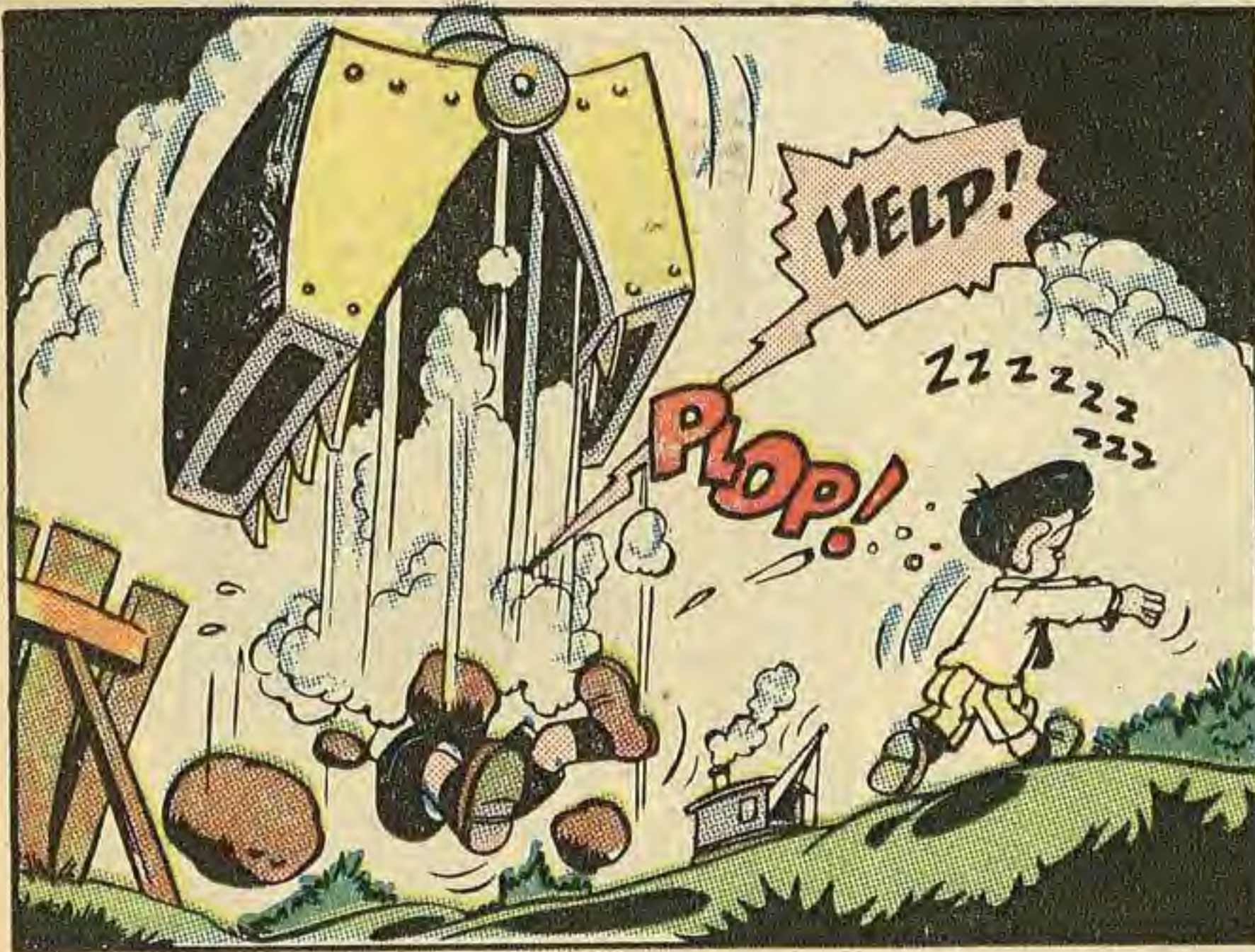




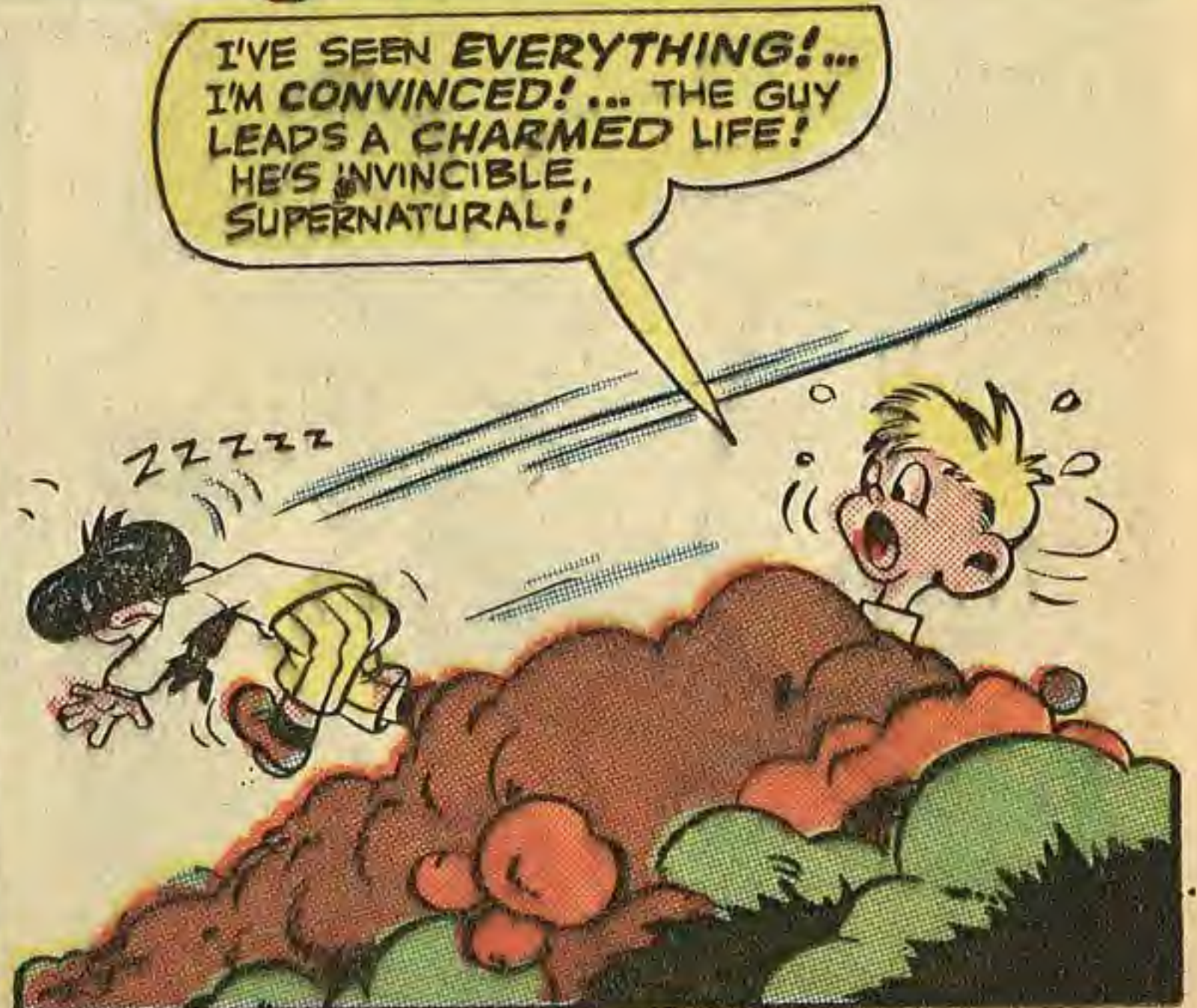
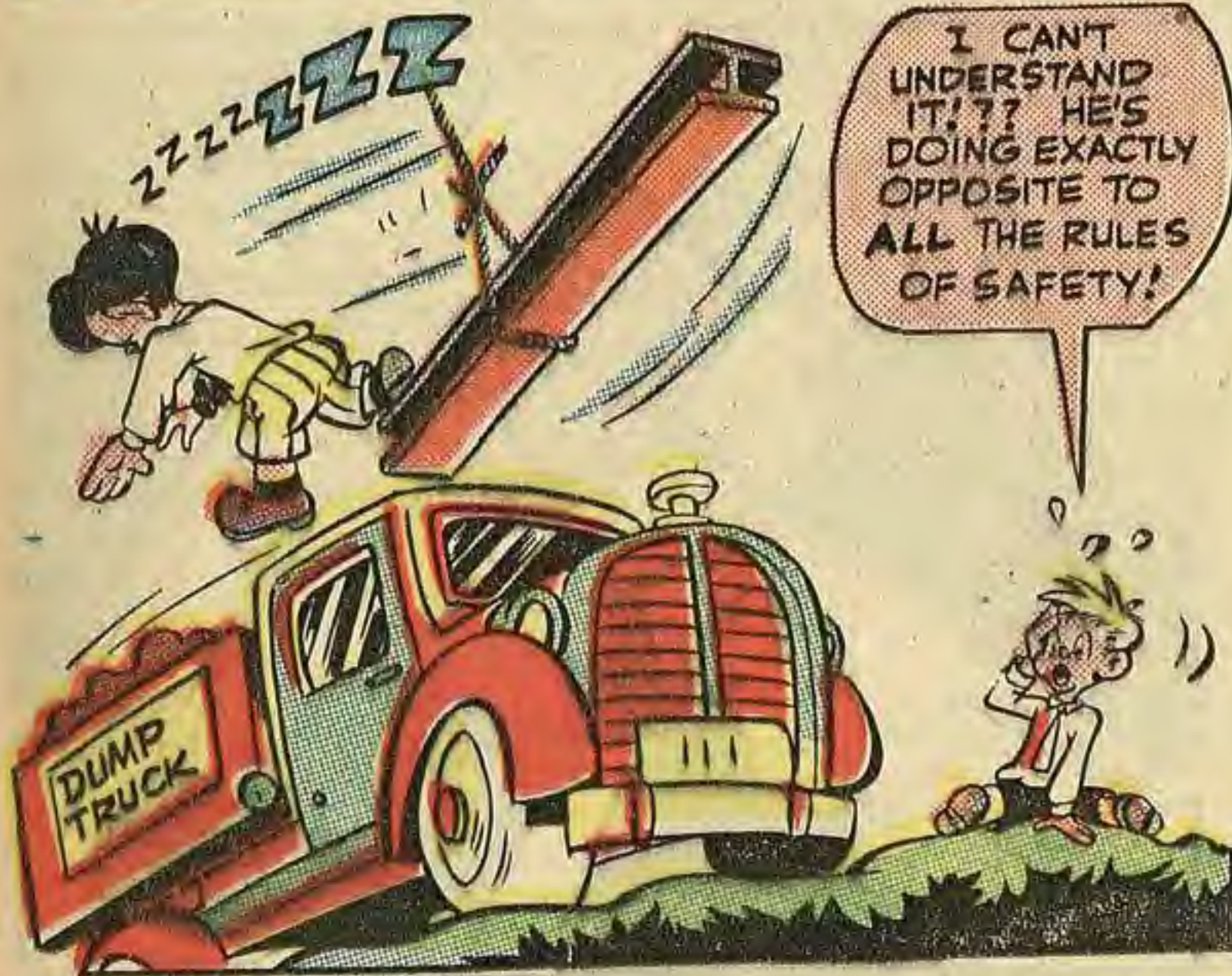
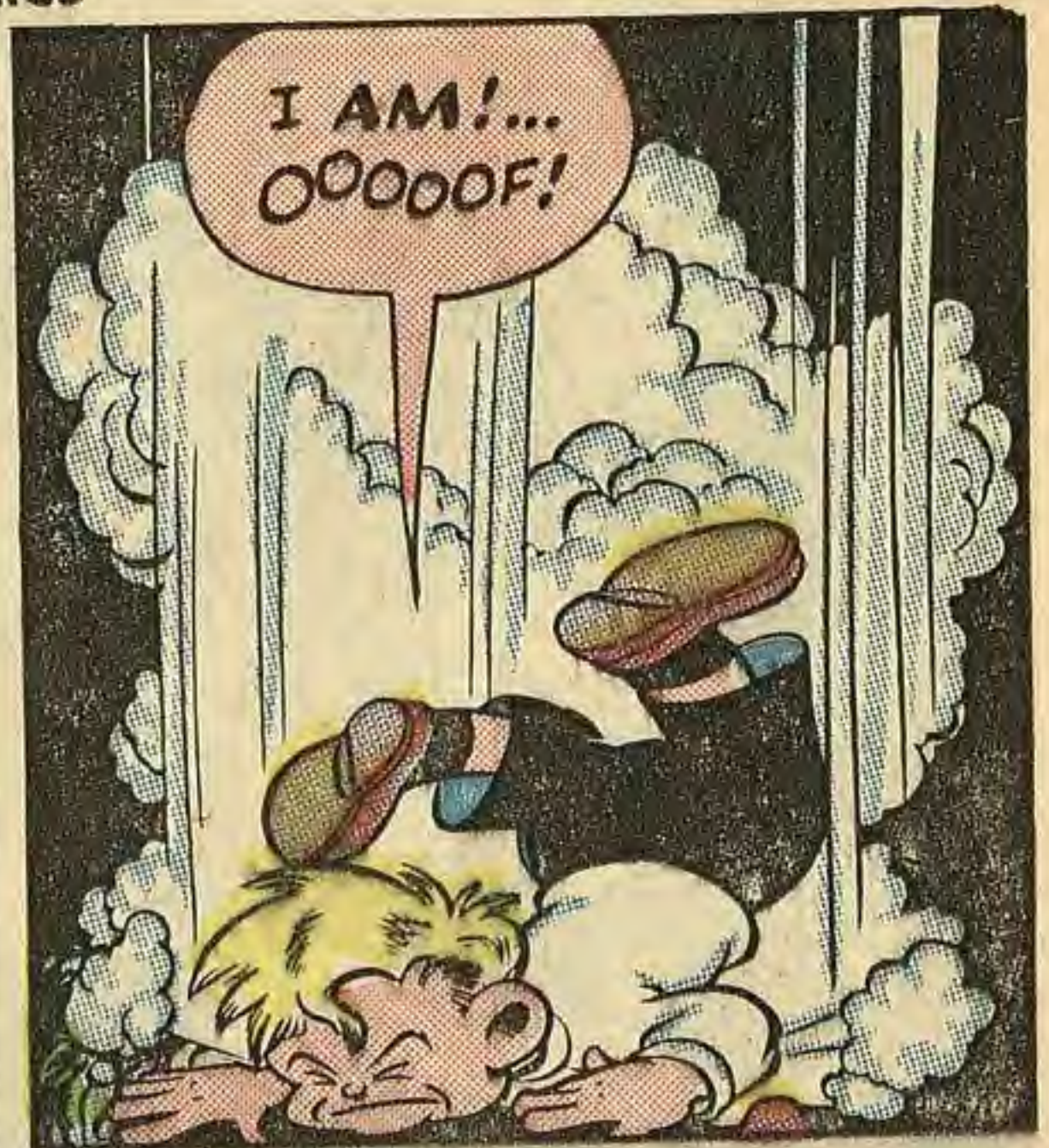




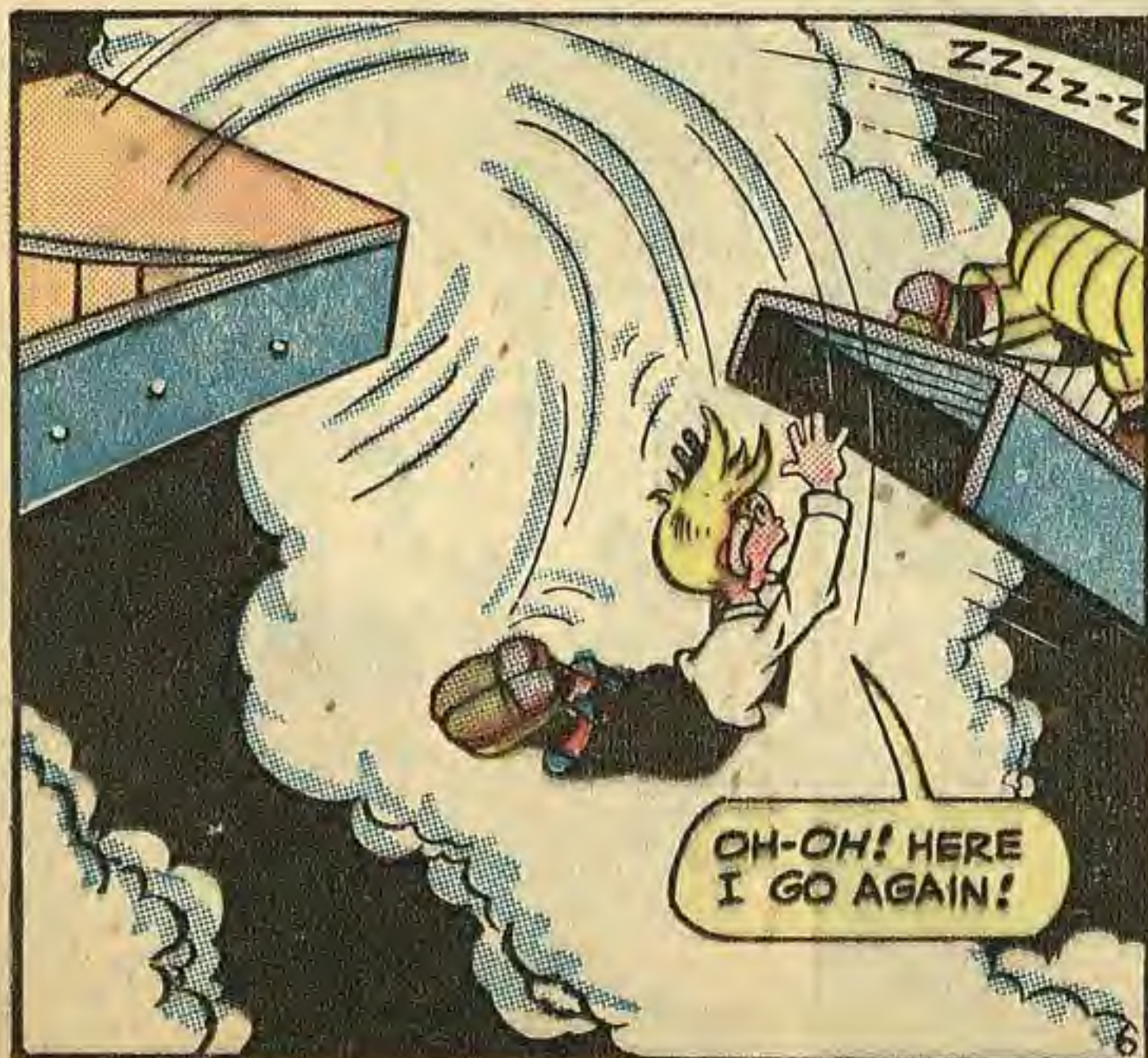
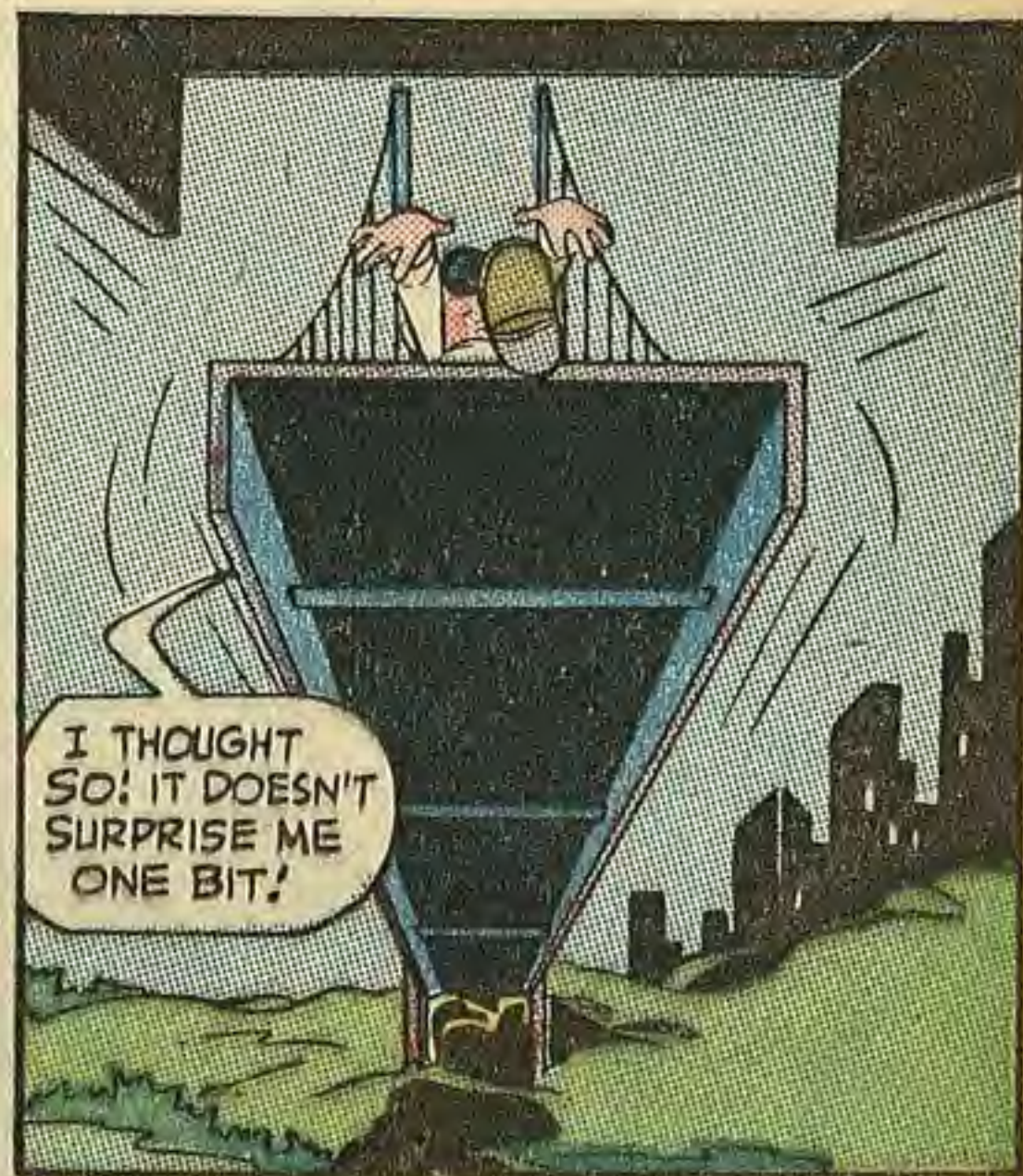






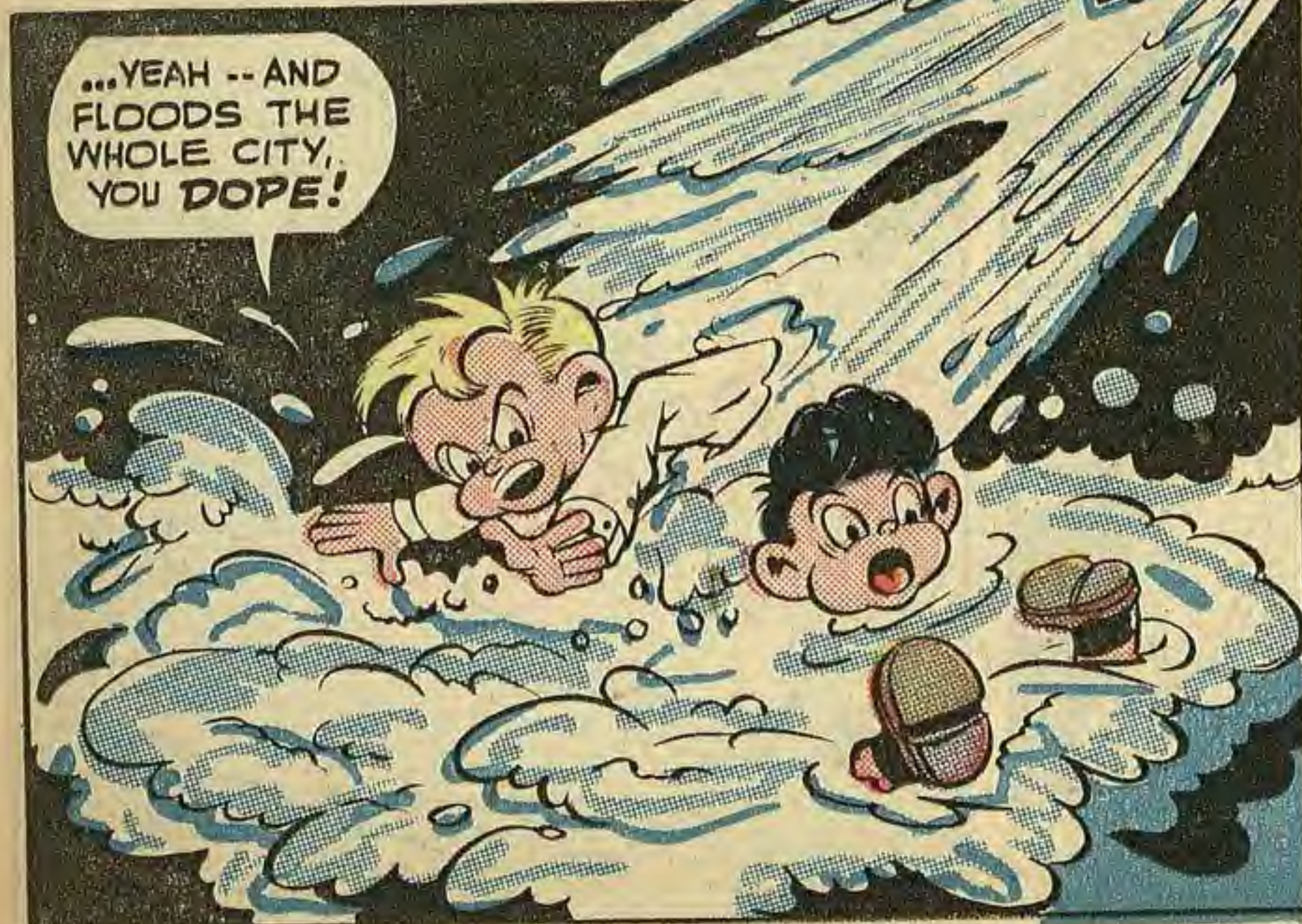
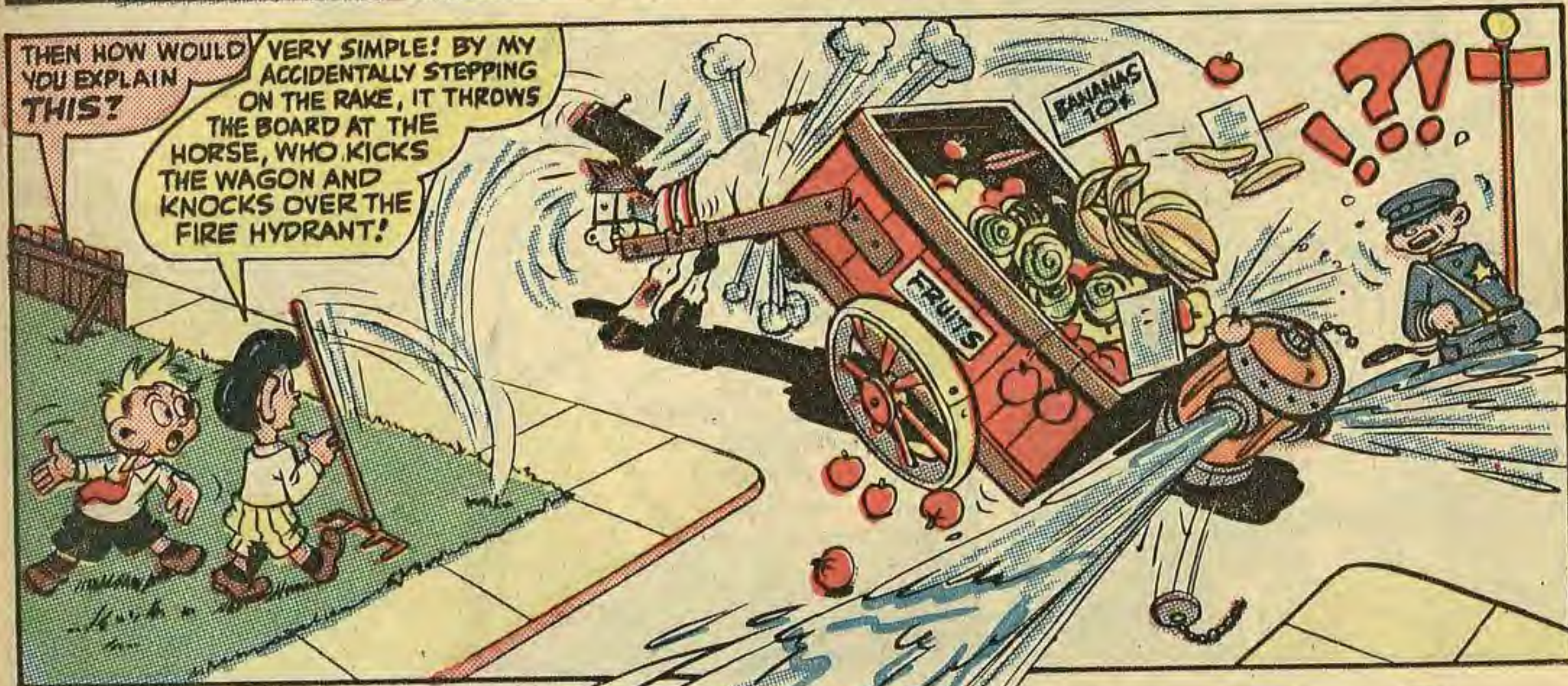
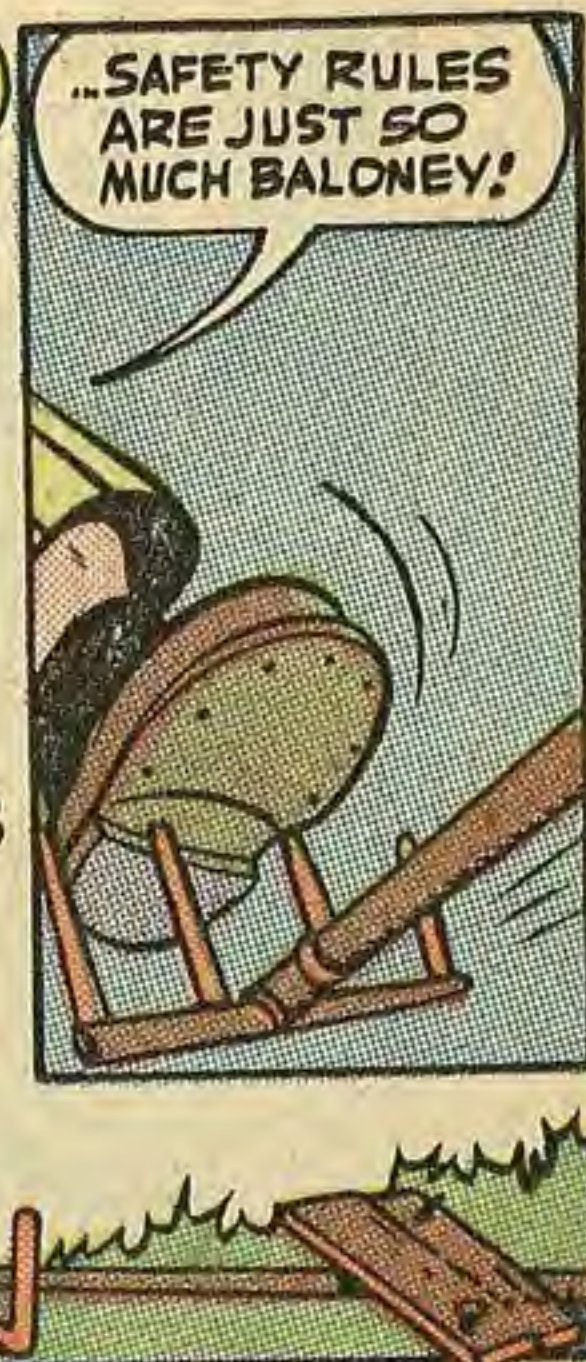
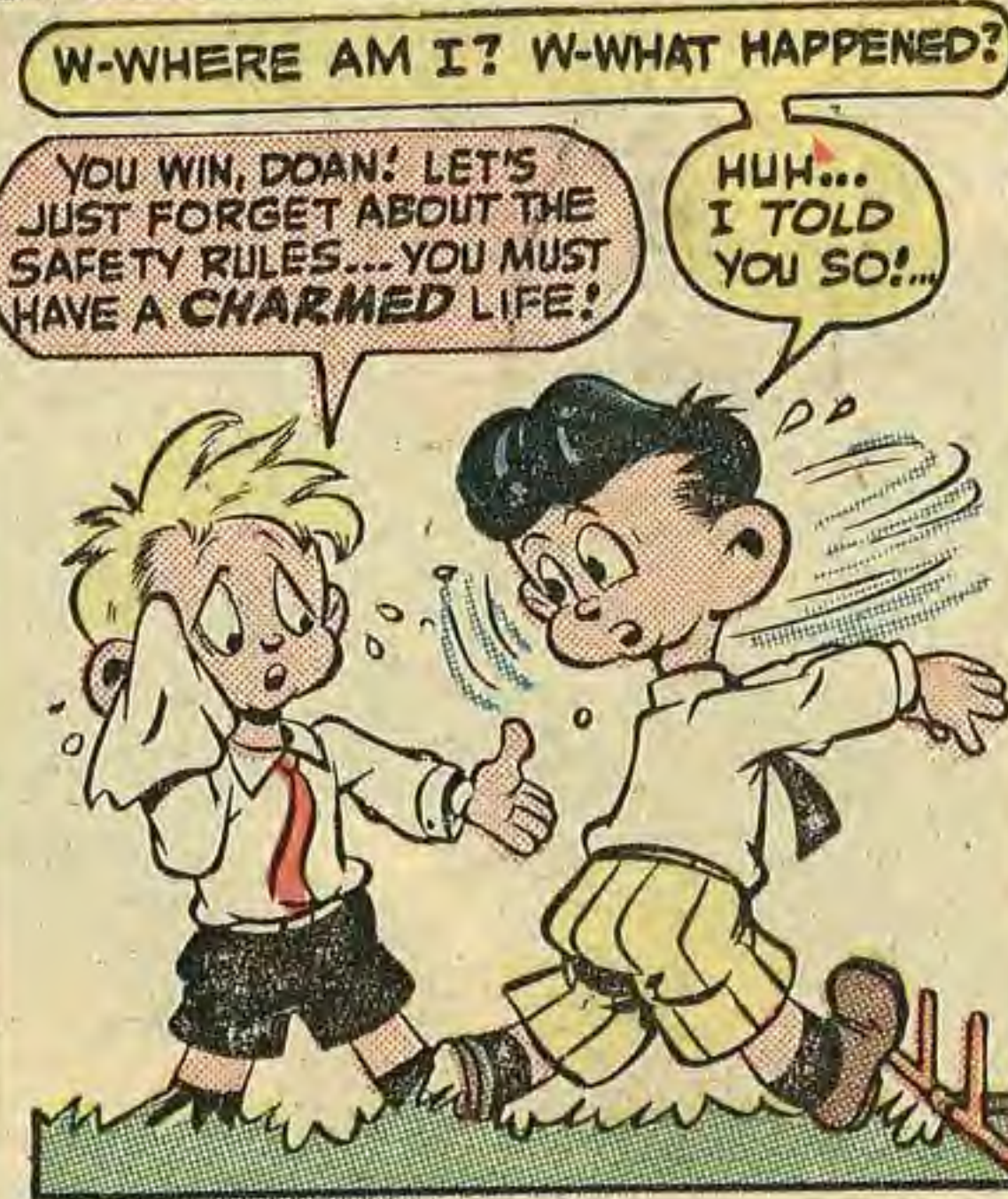






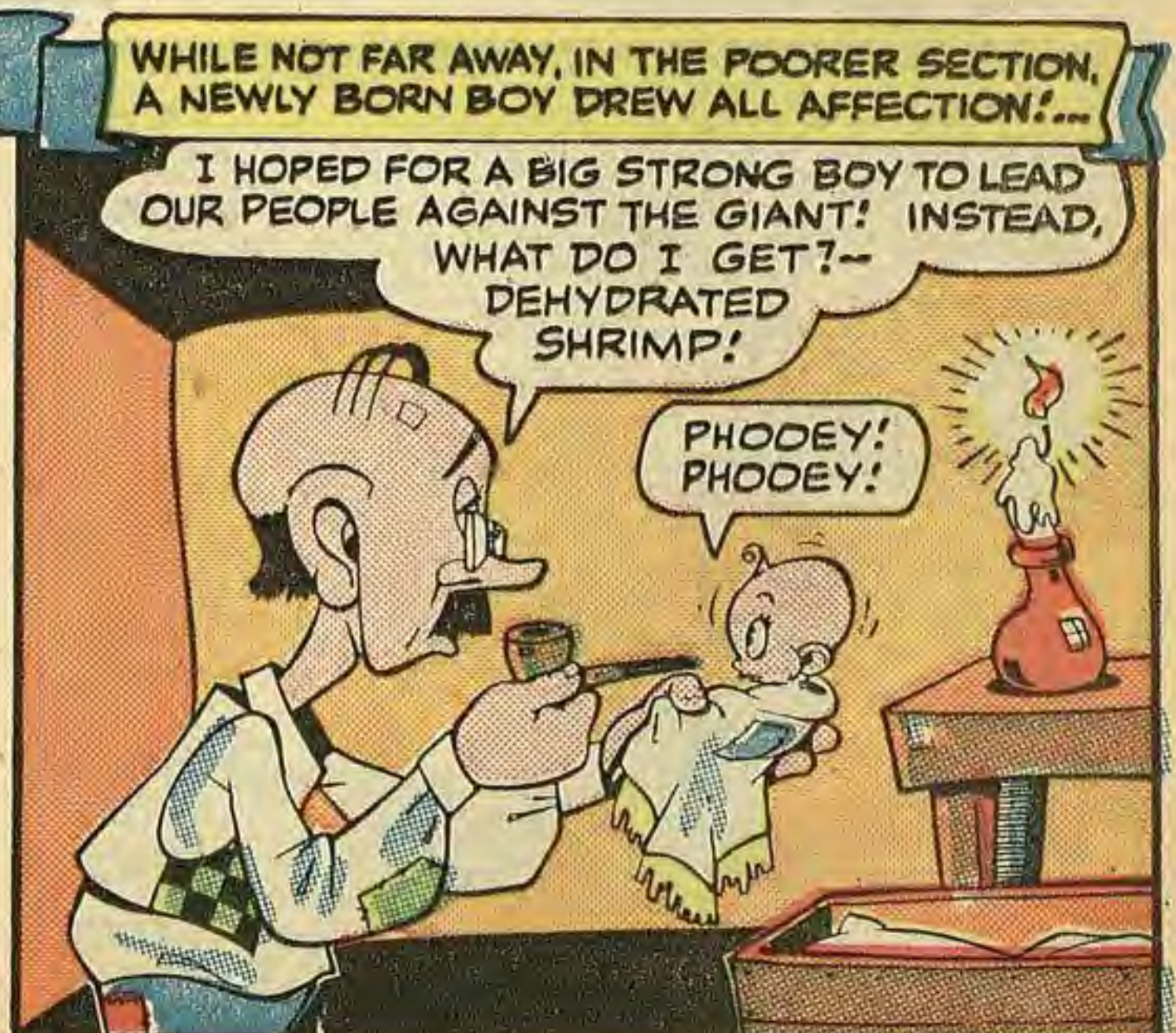
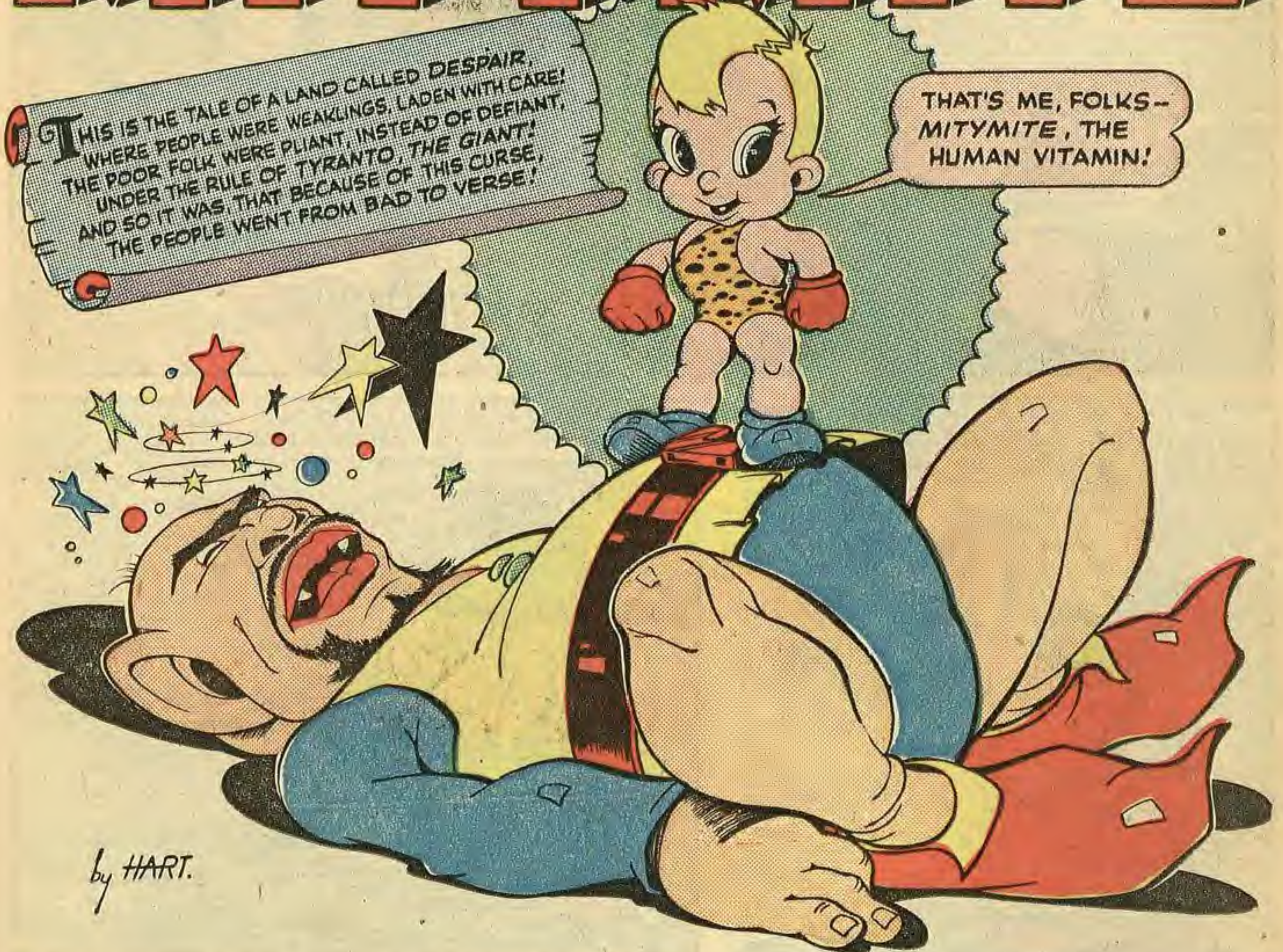


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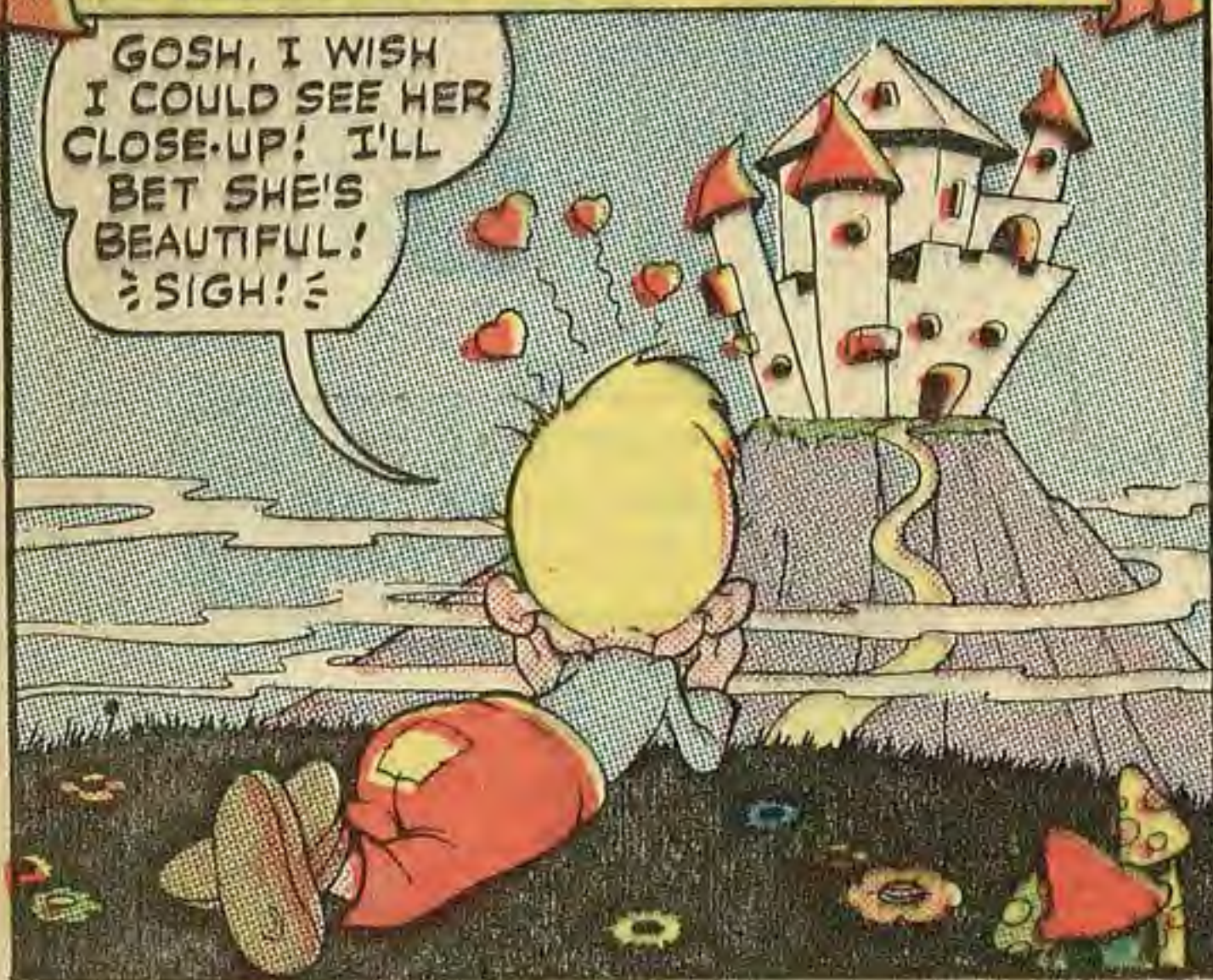
# MITYMITE



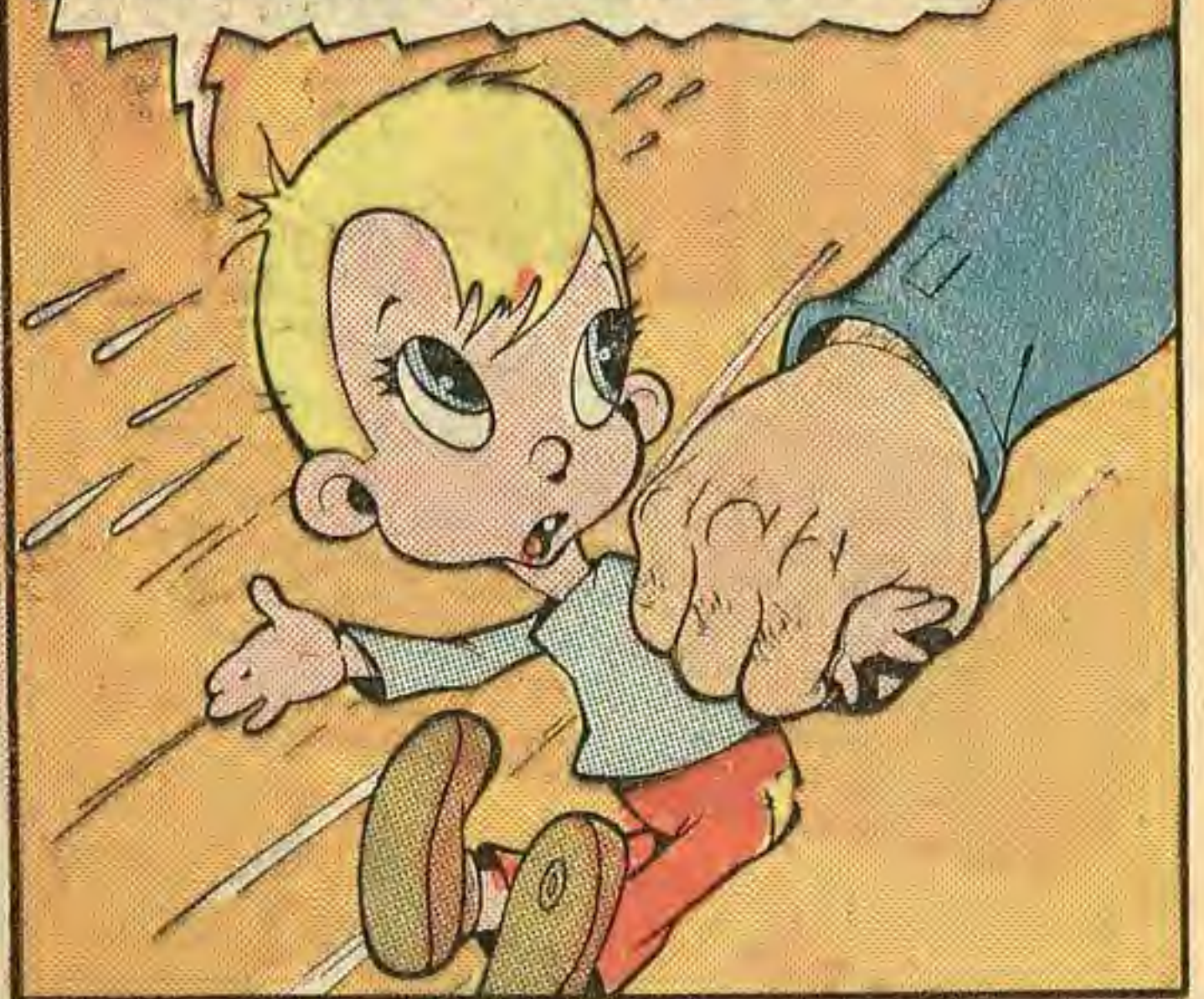


AS THE BOY GREW UP, SO GREW A DESIRE...  
TO RESCUE THE PRINCESS HE DID ASPIRE!

GOSH, I WISH  
I COULD SEE HER  
CLOSE-UP! I'LL  
BET SHE'S  
BEAUTIFUL!  
SIGH!



TYRANTO, THE WICKED GIANT!

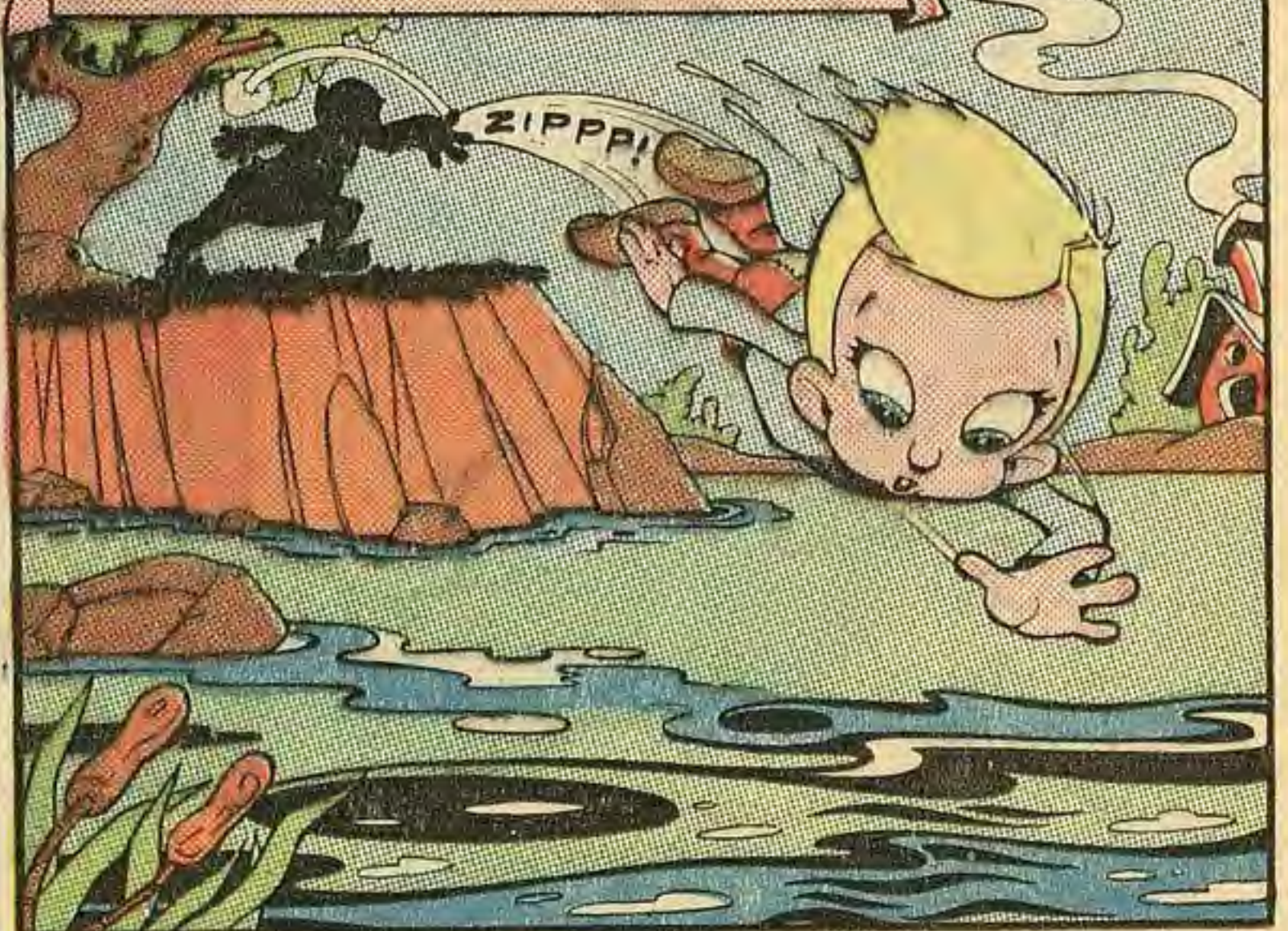


SO, SPYING, HEY? YOU INSIGNIFICANT  
LITTLE TWERP! I'M GOING  
TO THROW YOU INTO THE  
RIVER!

NO, NO, PLEASE!



TYRANTO, WITH A MIGHTY THROW,  
HEAVED THE MITE TO THE WATERS BELOW!



AFTER STRUGGLING FOR AN HOUR OR MORE,  
THE LITTLE MITE FINALLY MADE THE SHORE!

I'LL SHOW YOU, YOU BULLY!  
I'M GOING TO BECOME SO  
STRONG, I'LL--I'LL--WELL,  
I'LL BE STRONG, THAT'S ALL!





# ALL HUMOR COMICS

SO HE READ AND STUDIED AT GREAT LENGTH TO TRY TO DISCOVER THE SECRET OF STRENGTH!

I'VE GOT IT! IT'S EXERCISE AND EATING CEREALS, AS ADVERTISED! THAT'S WHAT WILL MAKE ME STRONG!



HE ATE CEREAL FOR BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND LUNCH... TILL EACH TIME HE STRAINED, HE'D POP, CRACKLE OR CRUNCH!

I'M GOING TO GET SO STRONG THAT, IF ANYONE MENTIONS CEREAL TO ME AGAIN, I'LL MOW 'EM DOWN, SO HELP ME!

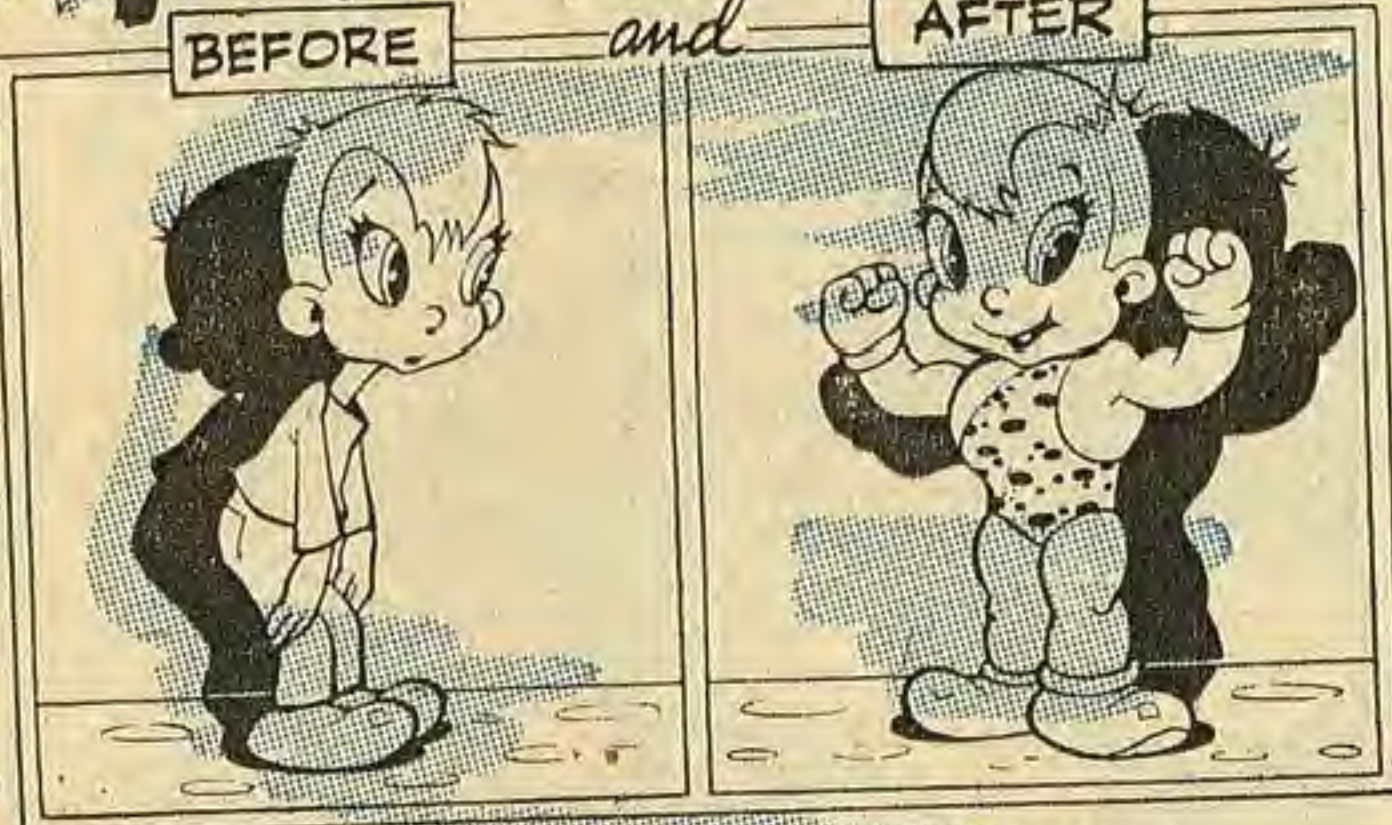


HE LIFTED, HE WRESTLED, HE CHINNED ON A RAFTER, HE POSED FOR THE PICTURES OF ---

BEFORE

and

AFTER



BOOBERKNOCKER'S BUTTERMILK FOR BETTER BUILT BODIES --

ATTENTION - WOMEN OVER 300 LBS! -- ARE YOU FAT? ...

HE BECAME SO STRONG AND FULL OF FIGHT, THAT THE PEOPLE NAMED HIM **MITY-MITE!**

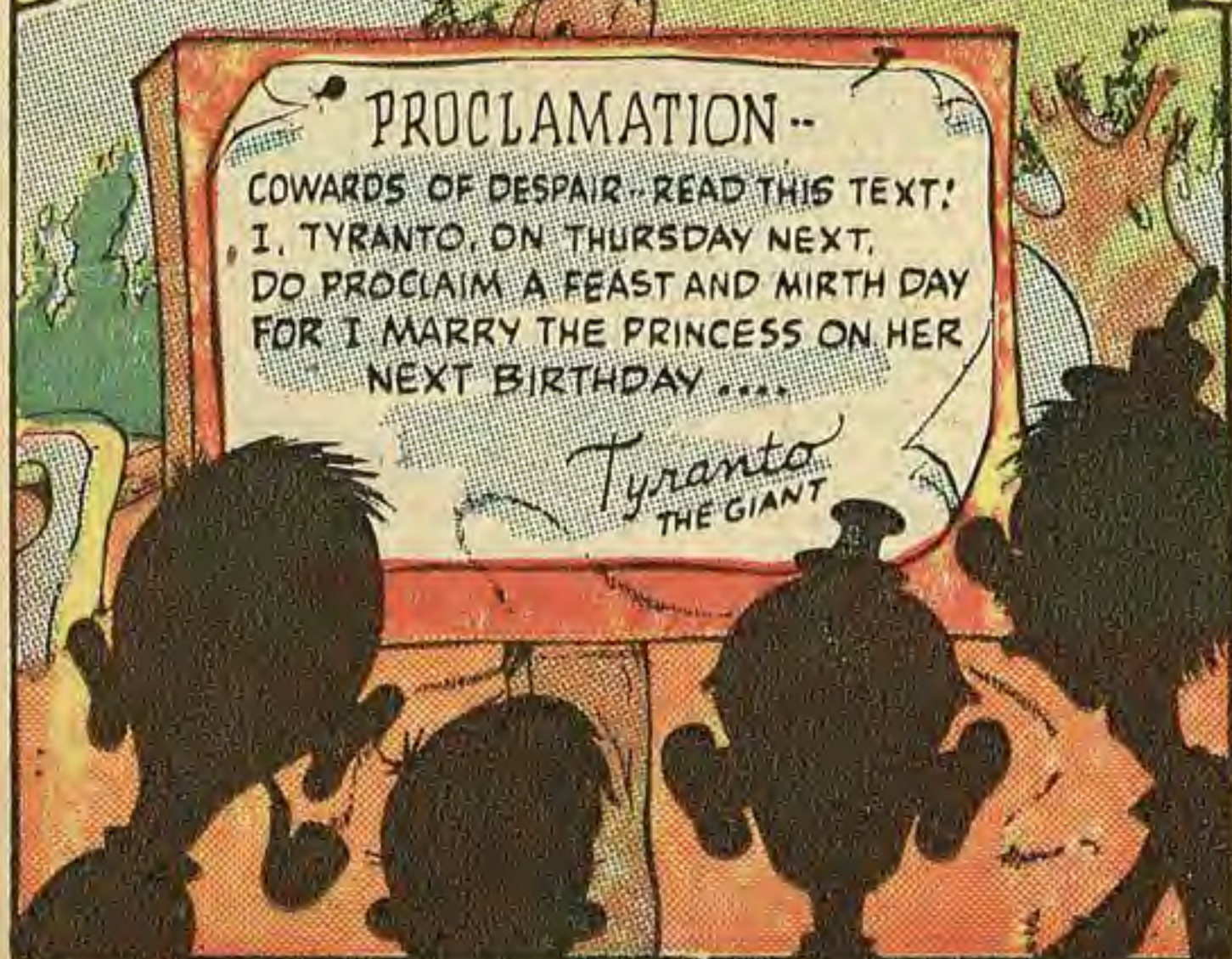


THEN, ONE DAY, IN THIS LAND OF DESPAIR, A PROCLAMATION APPEARED IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE!

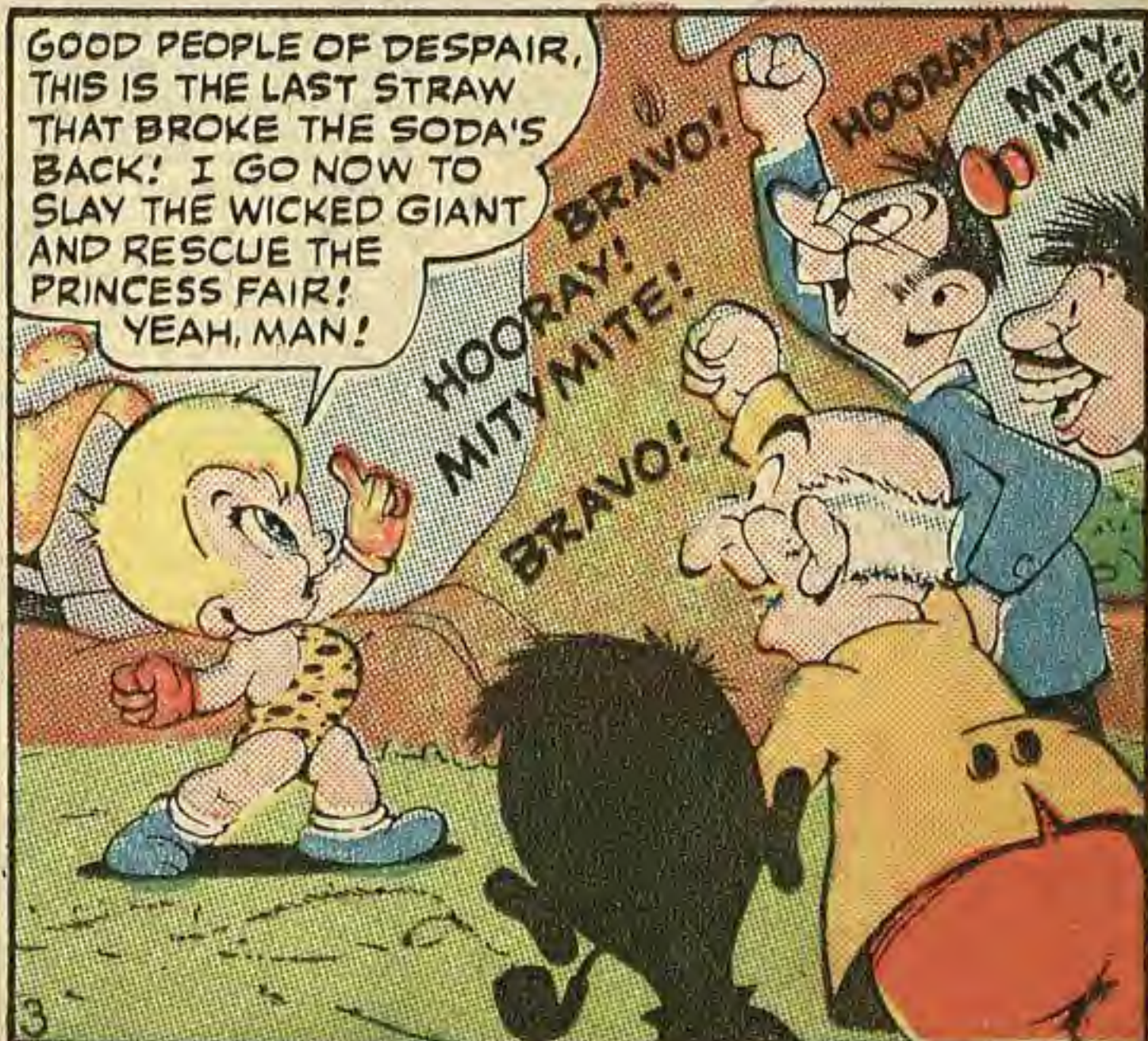
PROCLAMATION --

COWARDS OF DESPAIR -- READ THIS TEXT! I, TYRANTO, ON THURSDAY NEXT, DO PROCLAIM A FEAST AND MIRTH DAY FOR I MARRY THE PRINCESS ON HER NEXT BIRTHDAY ....

*Tyranto*  
THE GIANT



GOOD PEOPLE OF DESPAIR, THIS IS THE LAST STRAW THAT BROKE THE SODA'S BACK! I GO NOW TO SLAY THE WICKED GIANT AND RESCUE THE PRINCESS FAIR! YEAH, MAN!





ALL HUMOR COMICS

TO THE CASTLE, EYES BRIGHT AND FULL OF ZEST,  
RUSHED MITYMITE TO MEET HIS TEST!

BOY, I FEEL LIKE A  
BUNDLE OF WILDCATS  
TODAY --OR MAYBE  
IT'S JUST THIS LEOPARD-  
SKIN UNDERWEAR  
THAT'S SO SCRATCHY!

LOCKED GATES TO HIM MEANT NOTHING AT ALL--  
FOR MITYMITE SMASHED THROUGH THE WALL--

**CRASH**

HMMMM!  
TERMITES!

'TIS I, MITYMITE, FAIR  
PRINCESS! I HAVE COME  
TO SAVE YOU, AND SLAY  
THE FOUL TYRANTO!  
SEE MY MUSCLES?

MY HERO!  
SAVE ME!  
SAVE ME!

HO-HO-HA-YA! YOU SLAY ME, ALL RIGHT--  
WITH LAUGHTER! HA-YA-HEE! DO YOU CALL  
THOSE MUSCLES? I'VE  
SEEN BIGGER LUMPS  
IN MASHED POTATOES!  
YAA-YA-HA-YA!

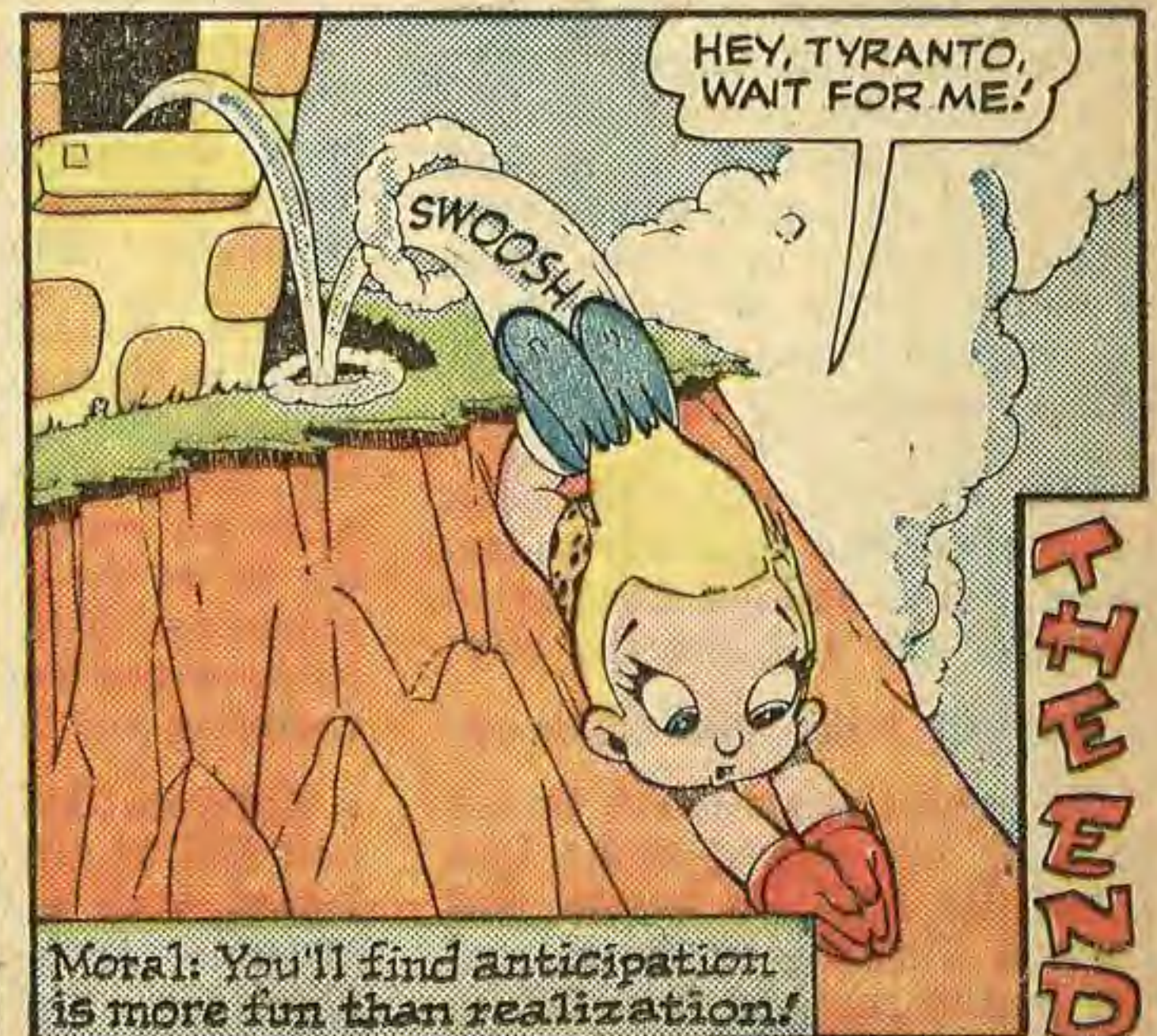
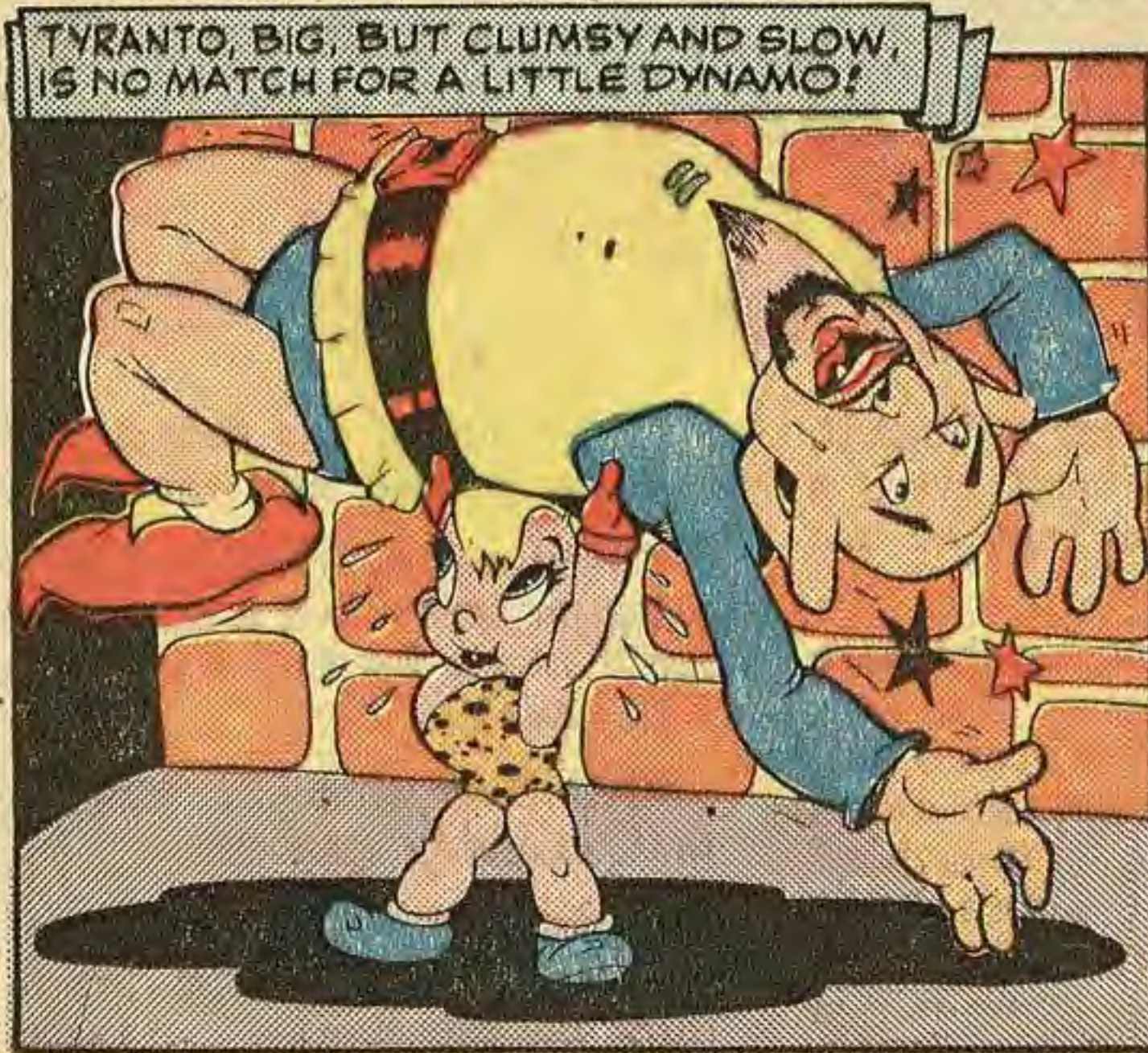
WITH PENT-UP RAGE, THE MITYMITE  
HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE FIGHT!

**OOOFF!**

**ZZIPPP**

**SWOK!**







# MISTER BUTTS

**E**ZRA PINKNEY, 265 pounds of jolly good nature, fumbled with his collar which was a half size too small, and looked at his fat red face in the mirror. It was very important that Ezra got that collar fastened. This was a big day for him; he was going to town to sell his farm.

Now, selling his farm was something positively new for Ezra Pinkney, who had owned it for nigh onto thirty years. Twenty years prior to owning it; he had worked on it in the capacity of "hand" to the owner. Ezra had been a good hand, so when it came time for the owner, who was getting along, to bid the world farewell, he had given the farm into Ezra's loving care!

For thirty years Ezra had nursed the soil and seen to it that bountiful crops sprung from the moist loam. Eventually he had taken to himself a good wife, who lacking something of Ezra's generous girth, nevertheless had all his fun-loving nature.

Liza Pinkney knew no other life than the farm. She feared the city for what it was—a bad place. She loved the earth, the free air, the lush vegetables and the prime ripe fruits, and she loved the golden harvests. She didn't even dread the great groaning tables of food which the harvest demanded. No, all this went with life on the farm!

Liza did not relish the idea of leaving. She couldn't understand Ezra's sudden decision to abandon the soil for the city.

But his mind was made up.

He tugged at his collar, trying to stuff his several chins into place. He held his breath and tugged. Then he let it go, and the button snapped free, fell to the floor and rolled under the

dresser. He bent over to hunt it. Whenever Ezra bent over, a whole lot of him bent at one time.

His hand felt under the dark area below the dresser. The door to the room was wide open. Panting with his exercise, he didn't hear the stealthy approach of the intruder. He didn't know anyone else was in the room until a terrific jolt hurled him head first into the dresser. With a groan he sank down on all fours, looking around with a wry face. Mister Butts stood regarding the irate Ezra stolidly, whimsically, and with a leer in his pale blue eyes. Mister Butts' long chin whisker quivered, jerked. He lowered his head and said, "Ba-a-a!"

"Scat!" yelled Ezra, rolling out of range behind the bed. "Git, you dratted critter!"

Mister Butts backed out of the room, still eyeing Ezra from the hall. Ezra scrambled to his feet and picked up a shoe. He hurled the missile but in taking a forward step, his toe caught on the rug and he landed on his face.

The whole house shook. Mister Butts leaped and pranced in the hall, seemingly enjoying the man's discomfiture. He said, disdainfully, "Baa-a—ba-a-a!"

Ezra groaned and climbed again to his short fat knees, then upward, like a mountain righting itself after being toppled after an earthquake. He shook his fist at the grinning, whisker-shivering goat, which lowered its head and made as if to start ramming again.

Ezra scuttled across the room and fell on the bed, which collapsed with a clatter of slats, groaning springs, and folding bedsteads. Fighting the iron and lumber mass, Ezra worked

his way out of the debris just as Liza hustled into the room.

"Land sakes, Ezra, what is going on here? And a man your age!" Liza's fat face was shiny with sweat.

"It's that—that— Where's that grinning goat?"

"Ezra!" cried the woman. "Mister Butts is lying peacefully on the lawn . . . there, see for yourself." She drew back the curtains and pointed. The goat was lying as she had said.

"Well, I'll be—" Ezra scratched his head. "He butted me, the ugly—"

"Why, Ezra, I never did hear you take on so," complained Liza. "Poor Mister Butts—"

"I'll poor Mister Butts him! Just let him keep his place, that's all I ask. Buttin' me—"

Ezra eventually got his tie on and oozed himself into his coat. He was perspiring and hot. And breathing hard. He wasn't used to city clothes. Holy mackerel, he was hot!

He headed for the porch. He saw the lawn hose lying on the grass. He went down the steps and picked it up, turning on the stream. He'd just shower the lawn, cool things off a bit. He had just got the swivel adjusted nicely when Mister Butts, one eye squinted mischievously, squared off. He leaped across the lawn, skidding on the hose. It jerked out of its swivel, swishing water all over Ezra. The fat man simply stood there, taking the stream full in the face. Then he roared and charged.

Mister Butts daintily sidestepped and gave a nasty "Baa-aaa!" Then he scuttled around the house. Ezra wasn't to be balked this time. He'd kill that ornery goat! He puffed after



## ALL HUMOR COMICS

the animal, took the corner in a roly-poly lurch, and was just lengthening his stride when his right foot was caught by something and he pitched onto the gravel, skidding along a good two feet on his hands and knees.

He lay for a moment, grunting and saying unprintable things. Both knees were ripped, both hands were gravel-cut. His nose had a long scratch. He got to his feet and surveyed the cause of his downfall. A chain. Not simply a chain, but Mister Butts' chain! The chain that held the goat tethered whenever he required tying.

Ezra didn't see it, but Mister Butts was peeking around the corner of the house at this spectacle and if a goat is capable of laughing, then Mister Butts was doing it. His sides shook. His goatee shook.

Ezra stomped into the house. Liza saw him in the hall. She held up her hands in horror.

Ezra Pinkney! Whatever happened to you?"

Ezra glared. "Nothin'. Nothin' at all, Liza. I'm just gettin' dressed to go to the city. . . . Oh, that goat!"

Striding into his room, Ezra slammed the door, and peeled off his tattered suit. He had another, several years old. It was sadly out of date, but it would have to do. Ezra was soaked. He dried himself and got into the other clothes. They were too small. The pant legs didn't come within five inches of his shoe tops. The sleeves were that many inches too short. The coat wouldn't button. All because of that blankety goat!

Ezra's door opened and Liza stood there looking at him. Then she broke into laughter. "Oh, Ezra, you do look a sight! City clothes just don't become you!"

"Woman," roared Ezra, "I'll have no more of that! Between you and that dratted goat—"

Liza's face sobered. "Ezra,"

she said quietly, "maybe this is all for a purpose. Maybe you shouldn't sell the farm. Maybe that's—"

"Bah!" Ezra made an impatient gesture.

"Baa-aa!" came the voice of Mister Butts from outside.

"I'm sellin' the farm and that's all there is to it." Ezra glowered at his wife. "And now—or—well, that's all there is to it." With that Ezra stalked out of the house. He headed for the dilapidated looking Ford standing in the drive. With a silent malediction he regarded the flat tire. Well, there was only one way to fix that. He got out the pump.

Jacking the wheel up, he attached the hose. He began pumping. At the third stroke, his coat split down the back. The fat was too much for it, plus the exertion. He slammed the pump down and hurried into the house.

"Liza!" he called. His wife came into the kitchen. "What is it now, Ezra?" she asked.

He turned around, then removed his torn coat. "Can you sew it up, Liza, quick?"

Liza shook her head somberly. "Land o' livin', Ezra, what next? Mister Bu—"

"No!" snapped Ezra. "Not Mister Butts this time. But that dern goat started the whole thing!"

Liza stifled a grin and took Ezra's coat off to mend. In a little while she was back, and Ezra put it on. Then he put a fat arm about her shoulders and grinned wryly.

"Didn't mean to be hasty with you, Liza, but that dratted goat—"

"I know, Ezra. He is a caution. Well, get out to town now an'—an' sell the farm." A hint of tears were in Liza's eyes. Ezra turned away and said, "Bye, Liza."

Ezra finished pumping the tire and got in the ancient car. It ground over and burst into a roar. Ezra went clattering down the drive and out into the road. The wind fanned his hot brow. He hummed a little tune. Yes, it would be nice living in the city. Of course, Liza now . . . but she would soon get used to it. The farm was a hard life. They needed a change. . . .

Fifty feet in front of the car a gray blur bounded into the road and, with lowered head, charged at the Ford's radiator. Ezra tramped hard on the brake and gripped the wheel. The goat hit the right front tire. It blew out with a loud explosion, and the car leaped into the ditch, folding up like a tired accordion.

The first thing Ezra heard was Liza saying, "I do believe this was all meant to be. Ezra should never have considered selling the farm. Poor dear, he did get jarred up, but he'll be all right."

The doctor put away his bandages and bed-smelling things and grinned. "Sure, Mrs. Pinkney. You can't hurt an old goat like Ezra!"

"Hm!" Ezra opened his rheumy eyes. "Old goat, eh? I've heard enough of goats!"

He saw that he was lying on the hall couch. His own bed was a pile of rubble. His only two suits were ruined. He was stove in and battered up. He could hardly move. He couldn't go to town now.

He said, "Liza." She came and sat beside him. He took her hand. "Liza, if this here trouble was all because I got an all-fired notion to sell out, then I'll say here an' now it's all off. I'm not gonna sell th' farm!"

"Hurray!" cried Liza, kissing his bruised brow.

"Baa-aaa-a!" chortled Mister Butts from somewhere outside.

"Bah!" said Ezra, and turned with his face to the wall.

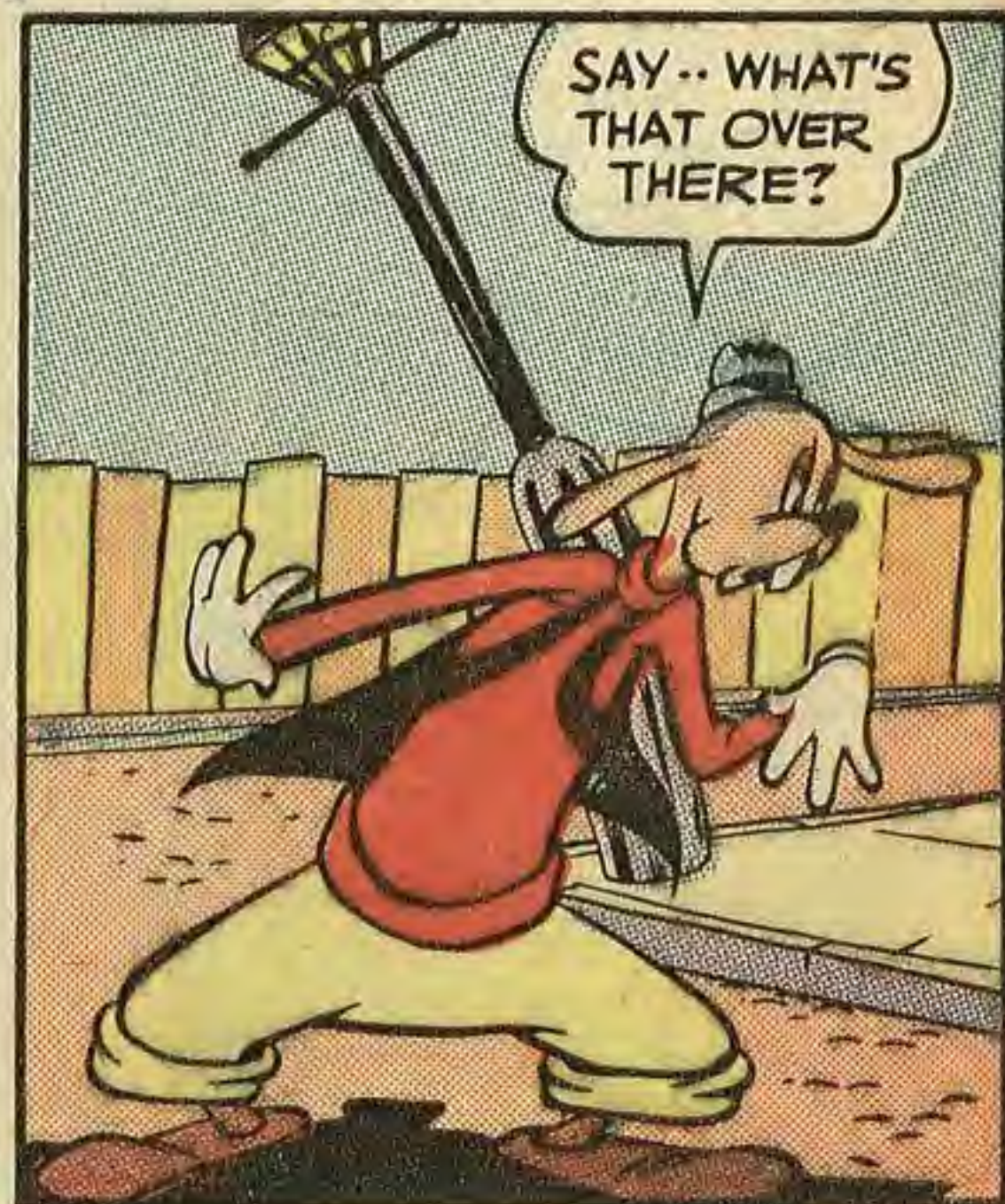


# MICKY the MOOCHER

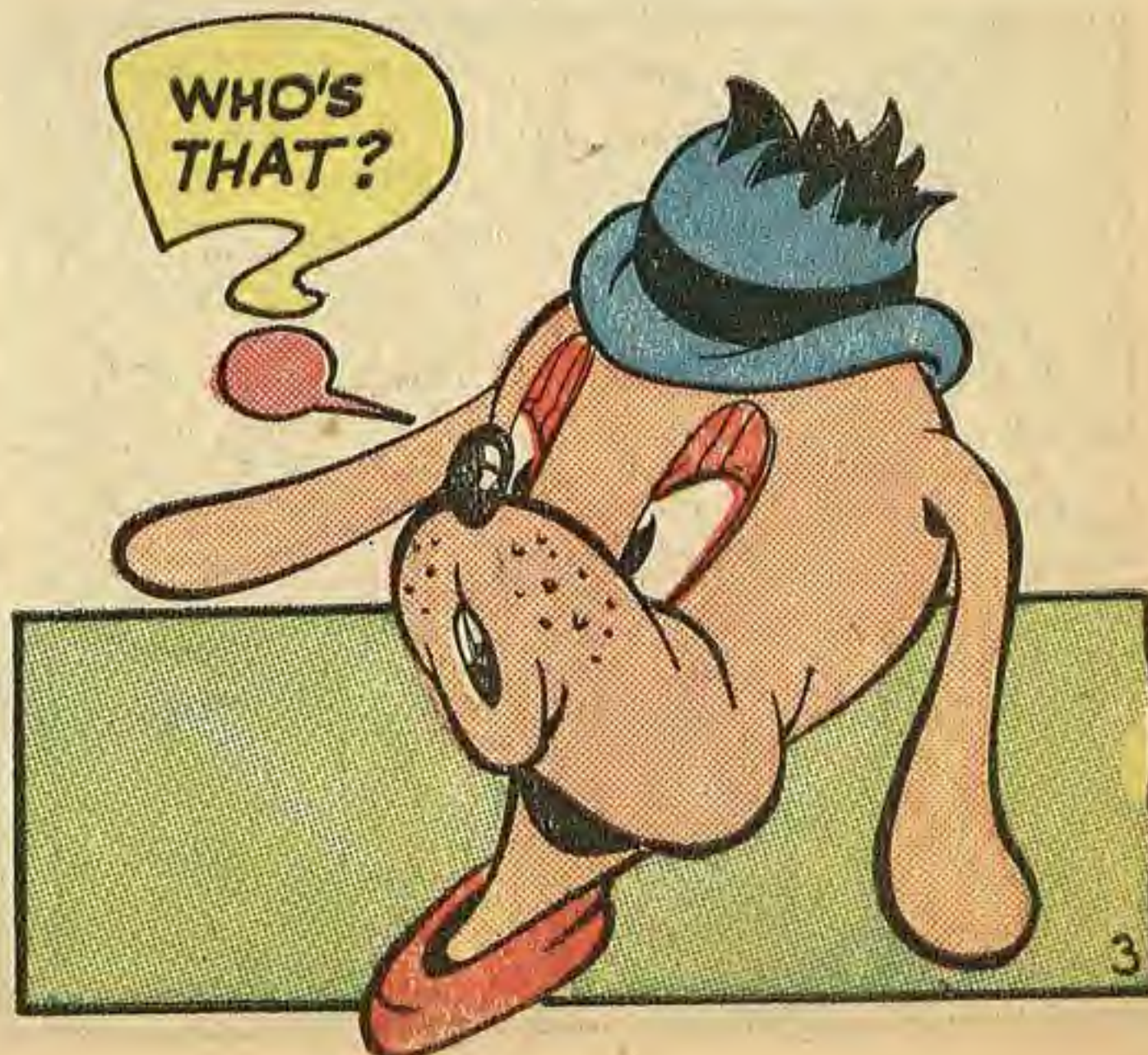
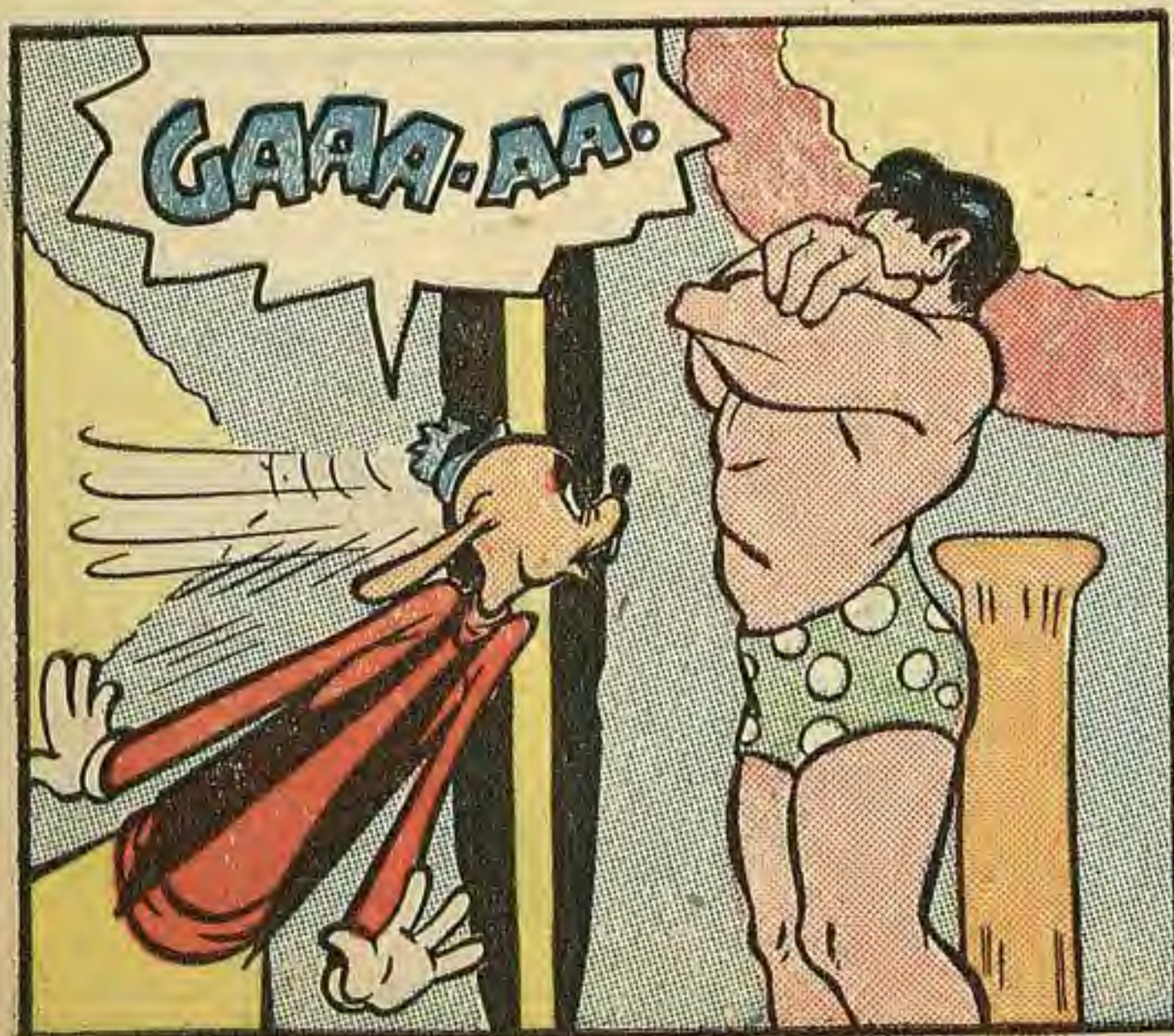
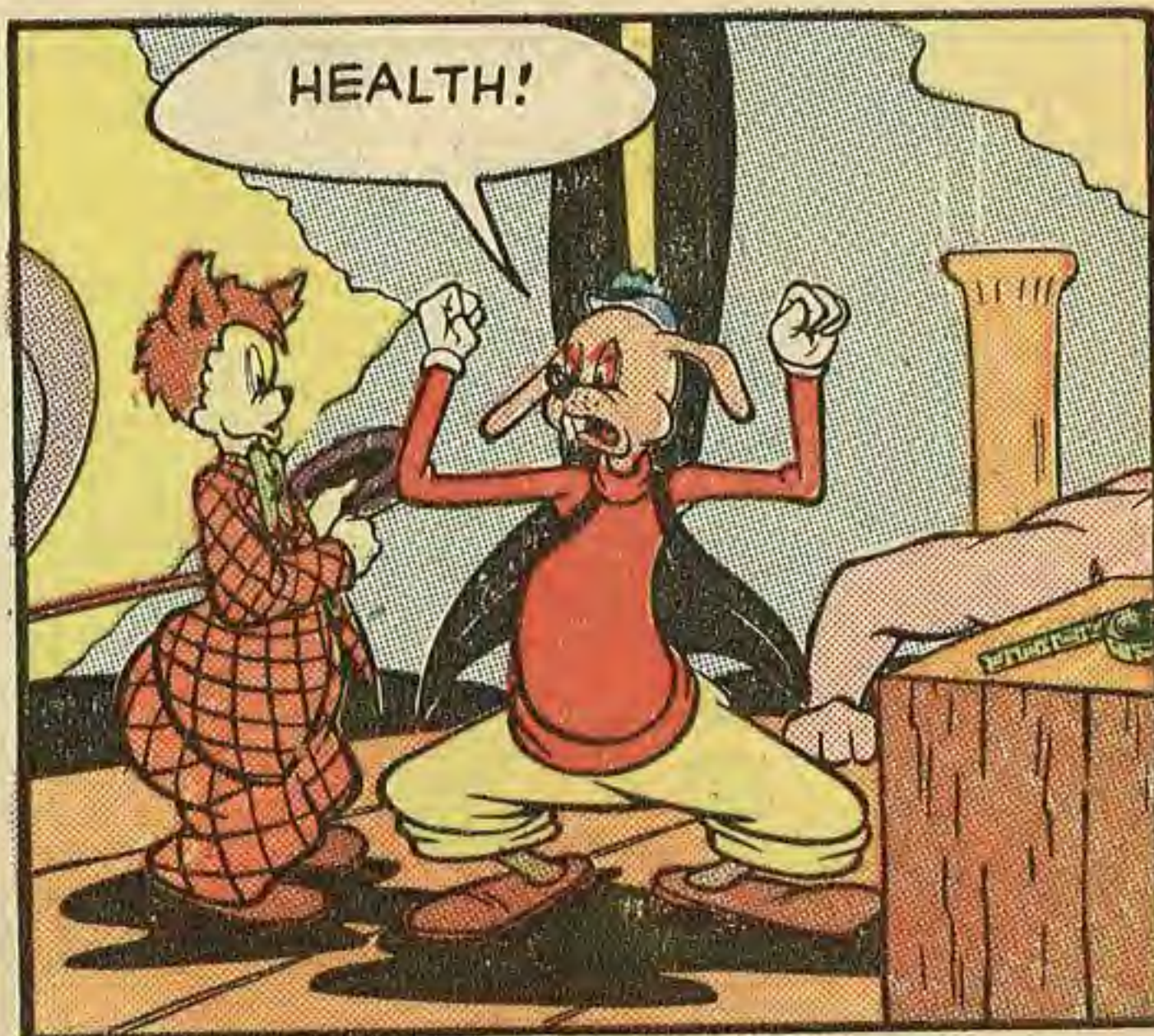
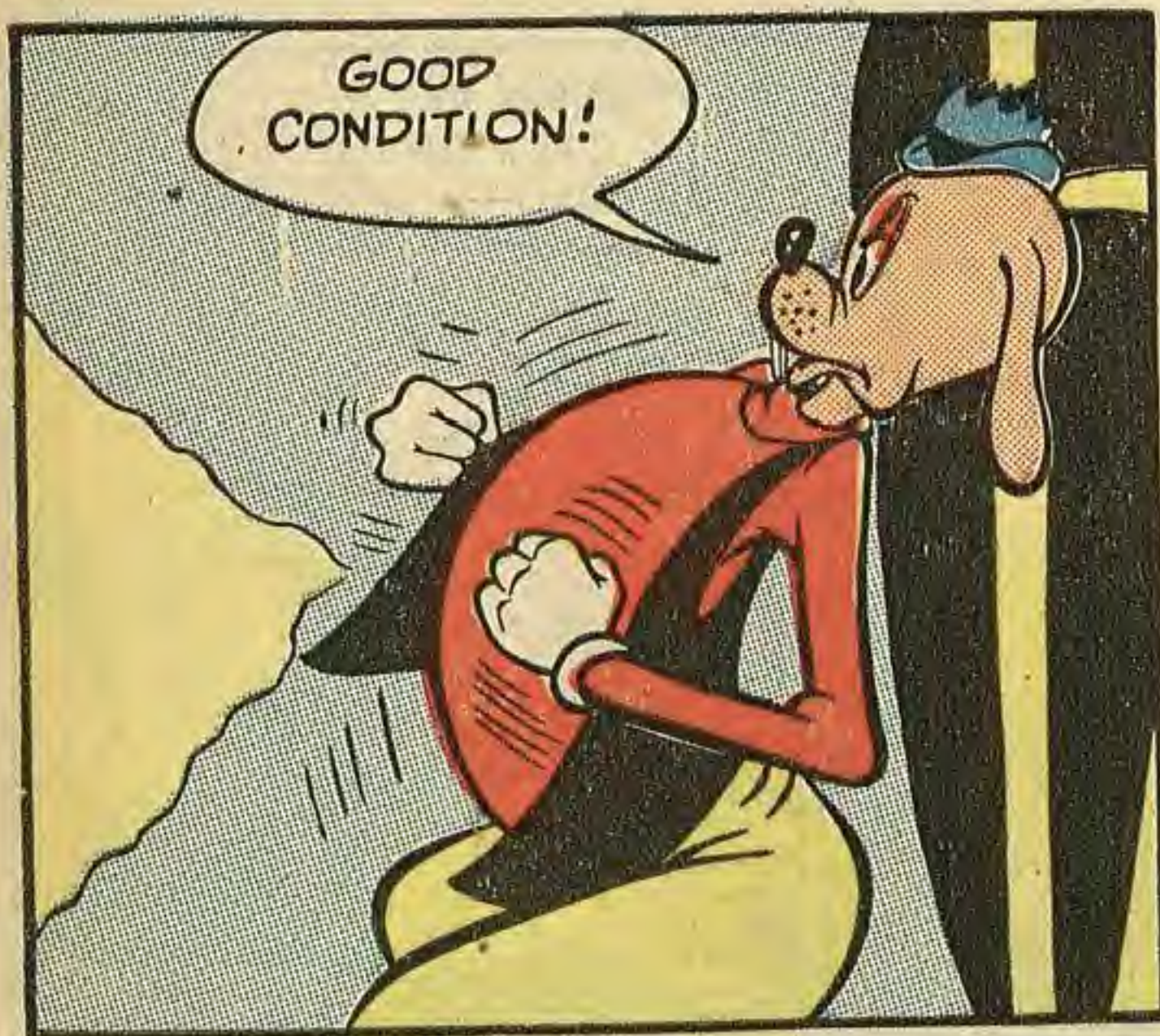
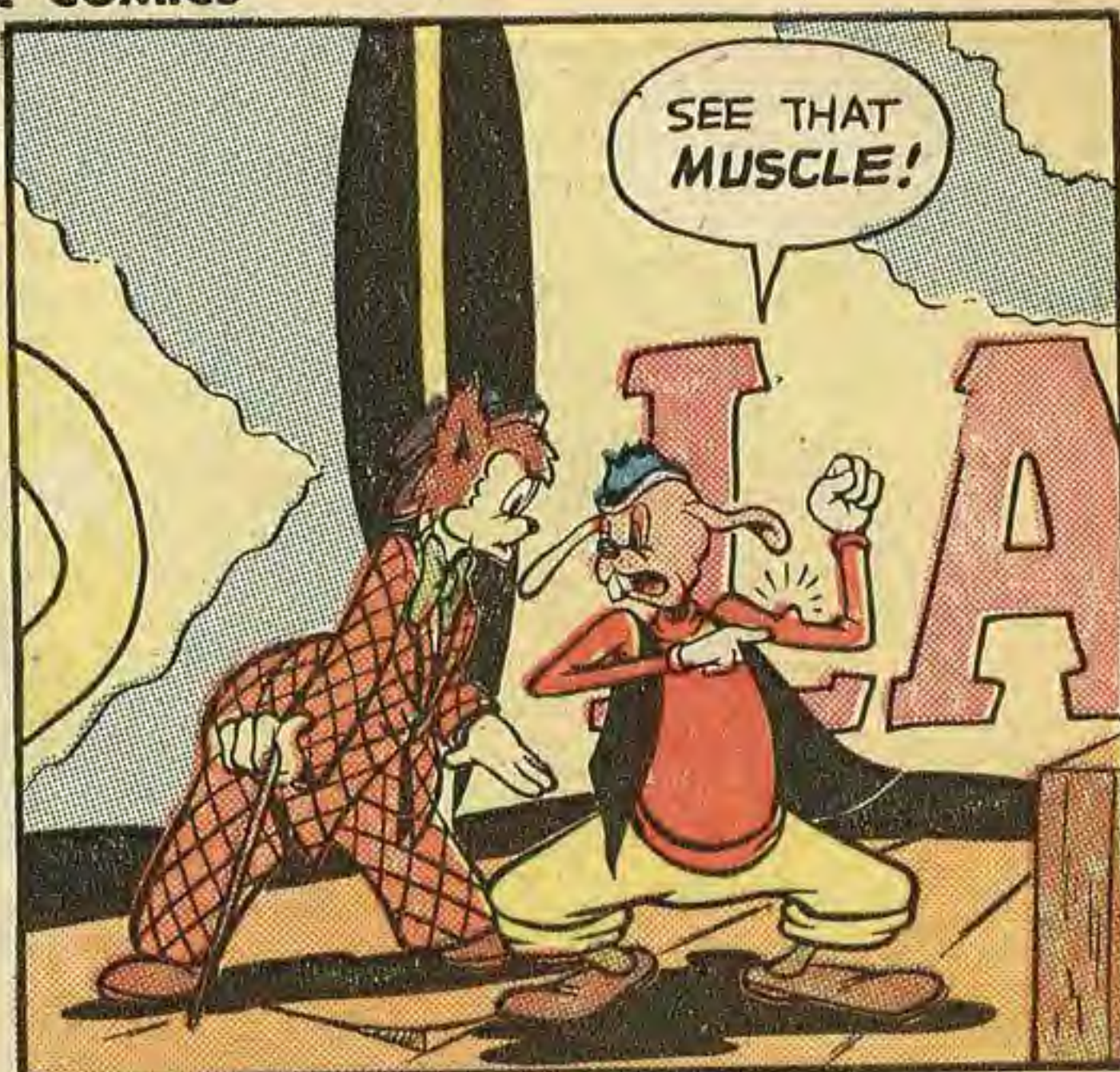




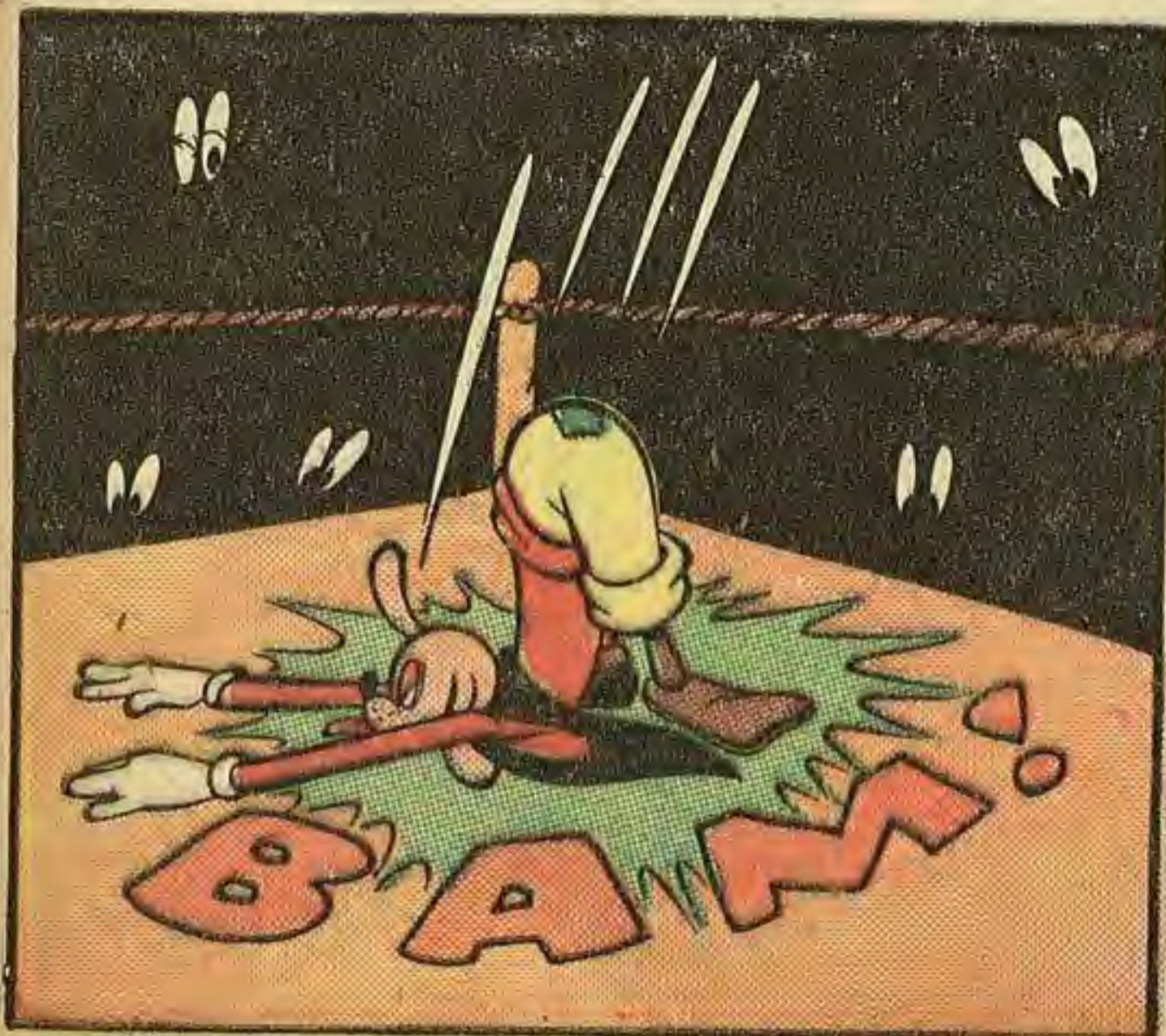
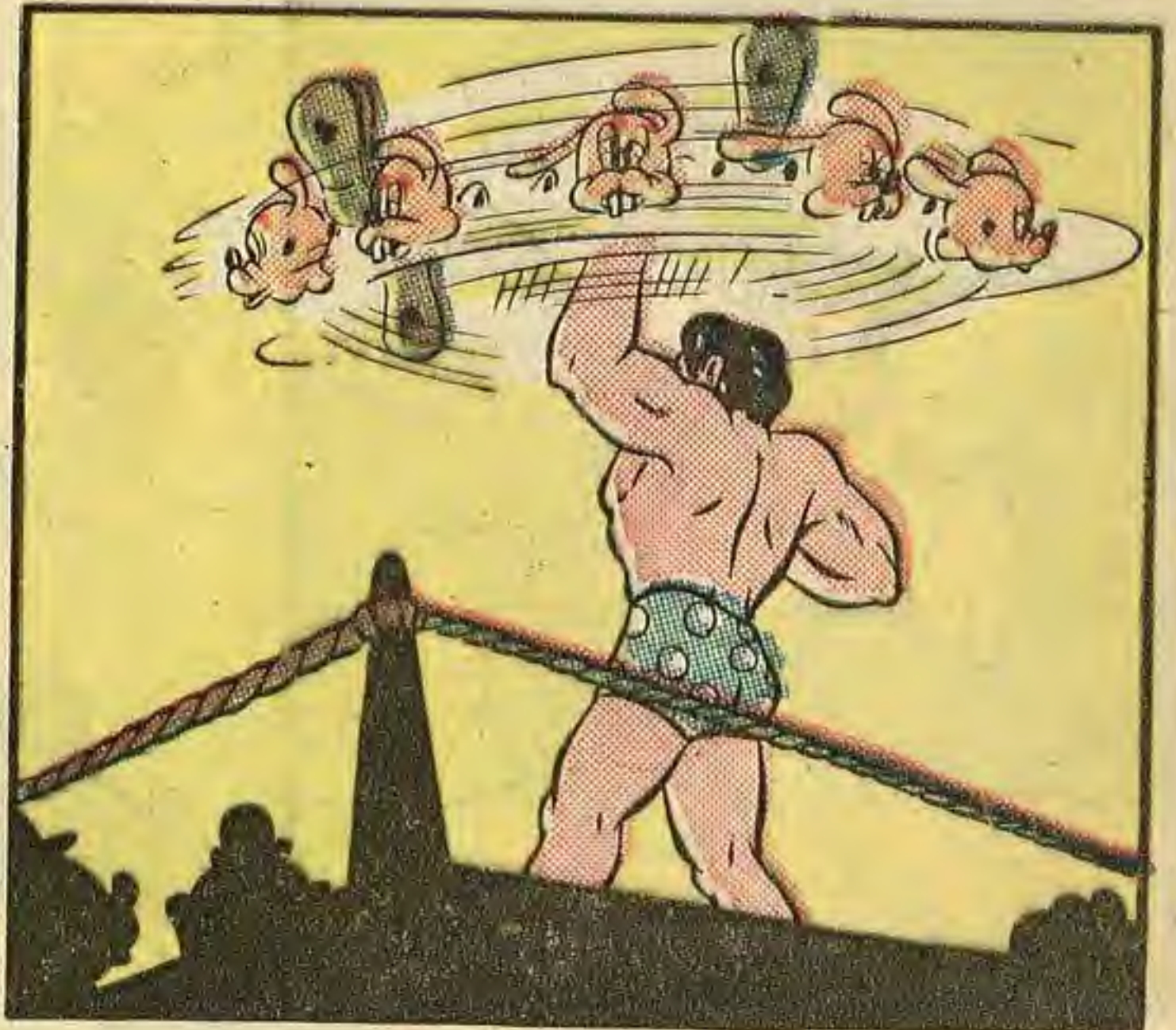
ALL HUMOR COMICS





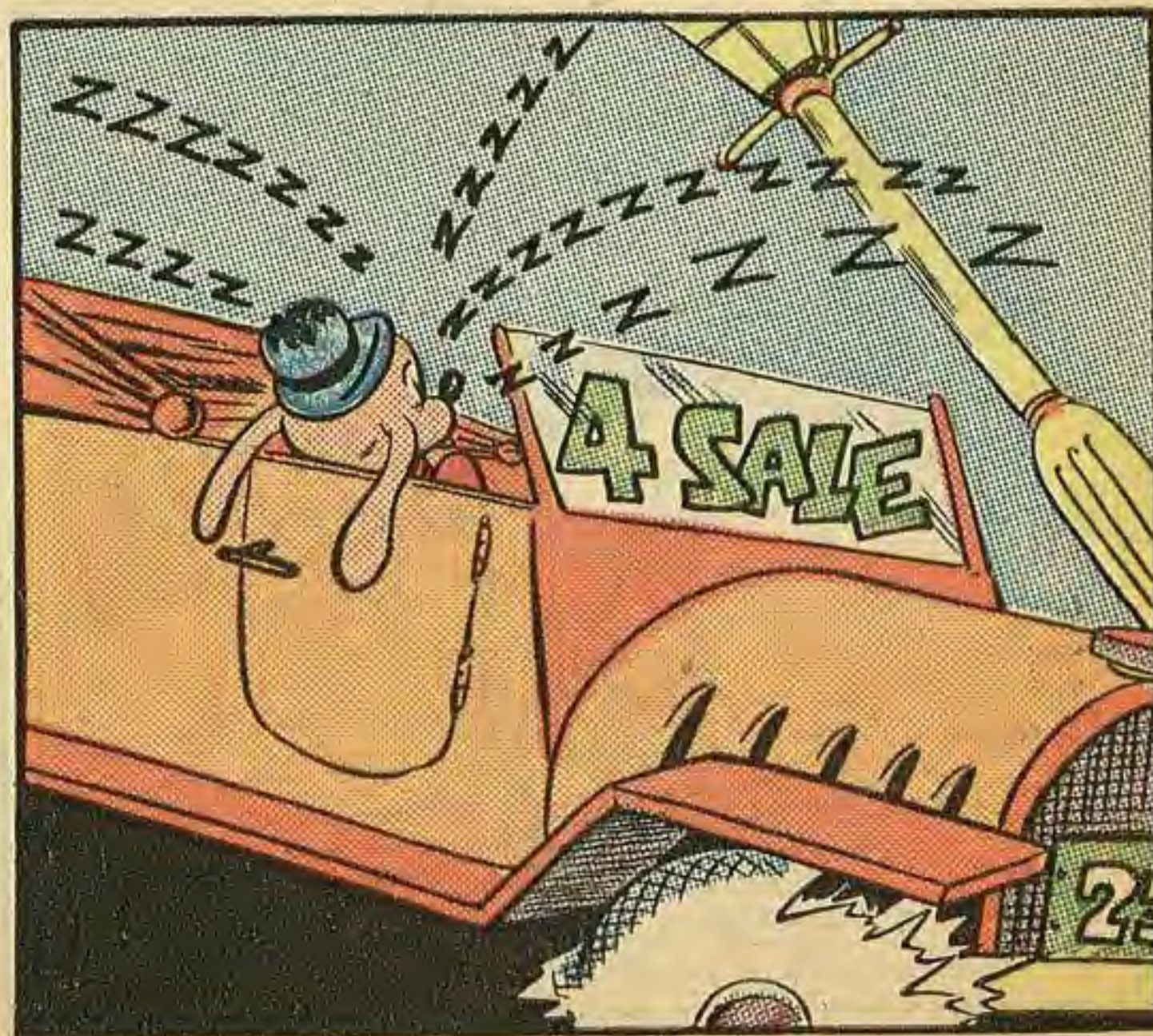
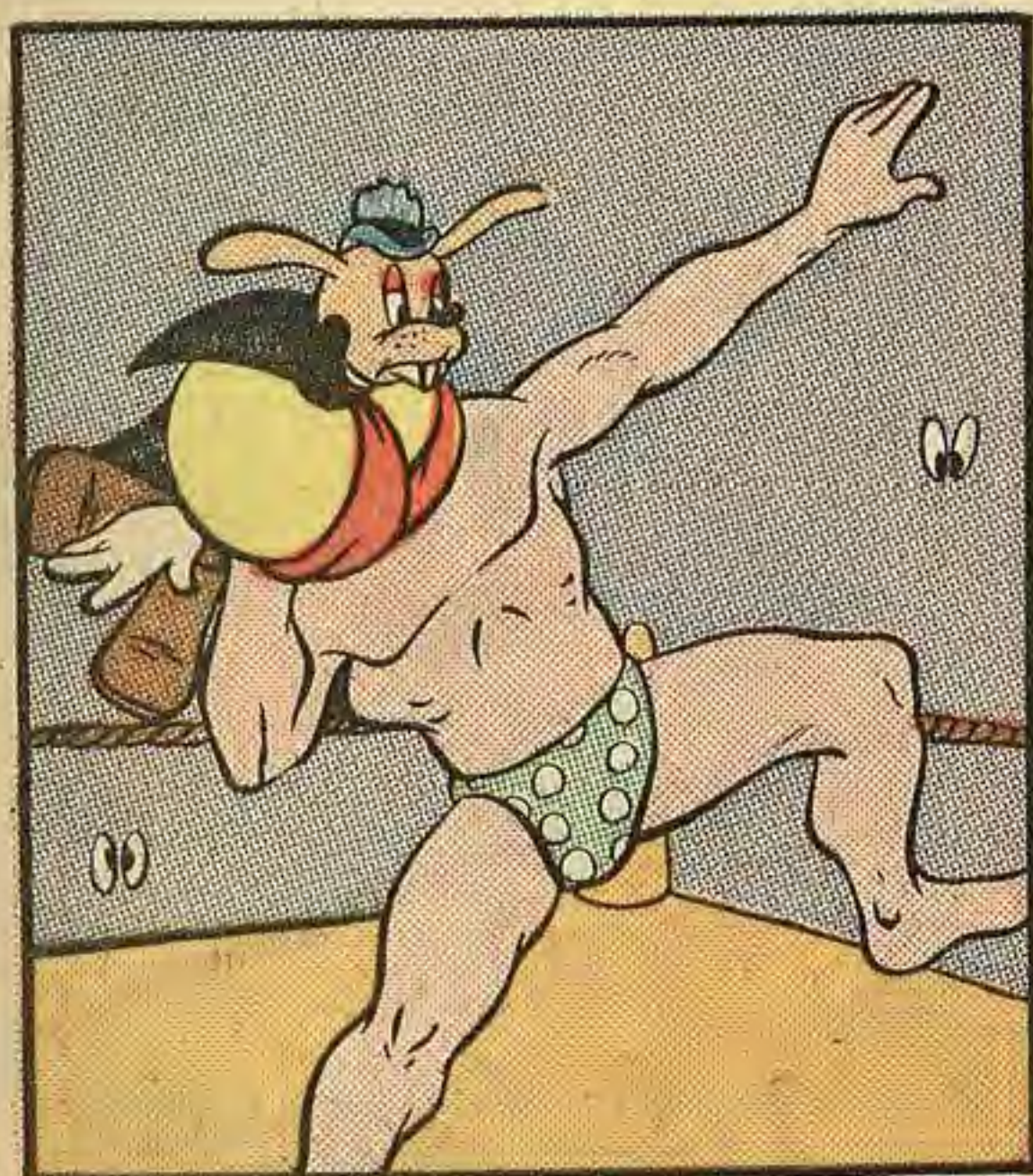
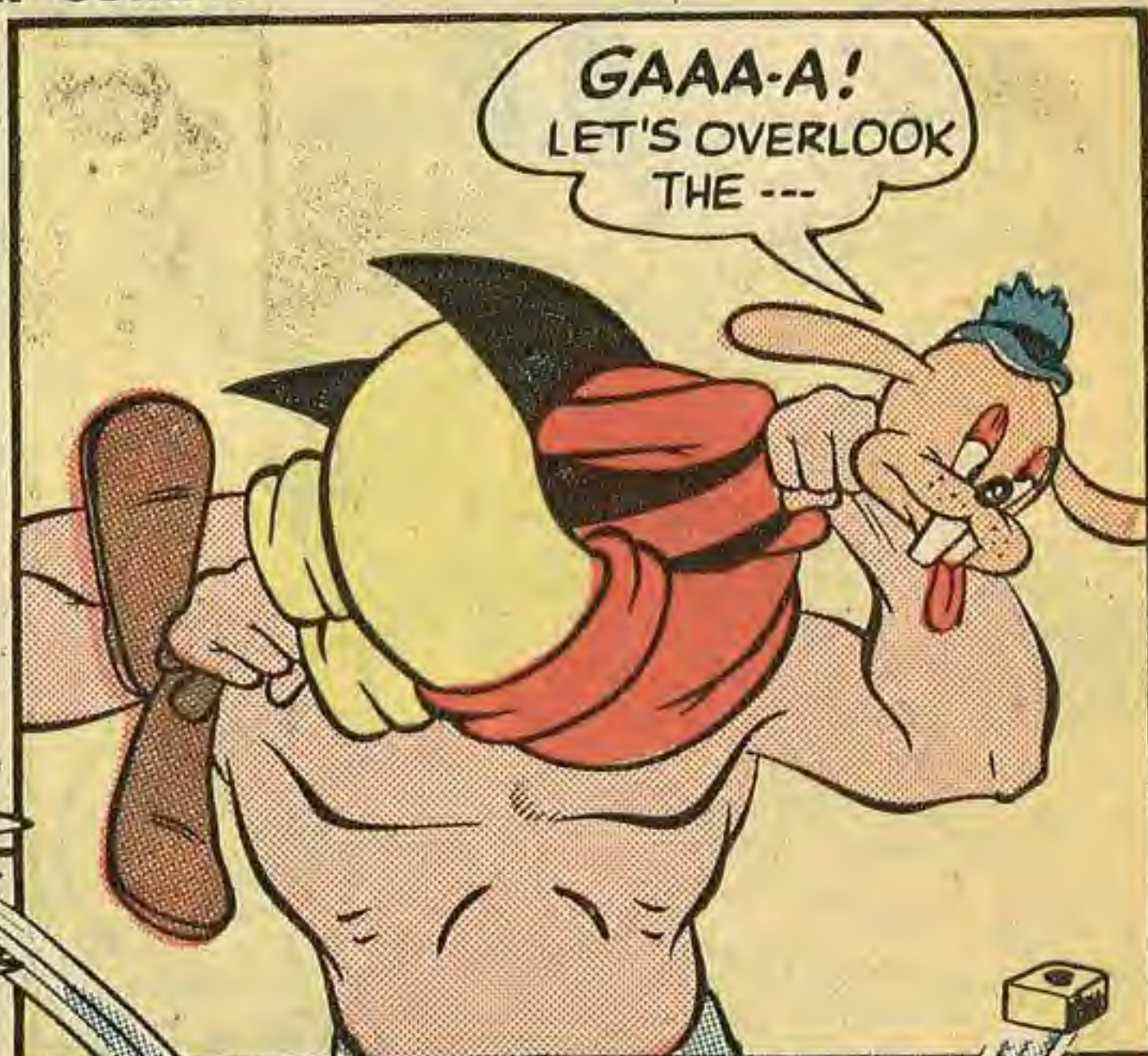






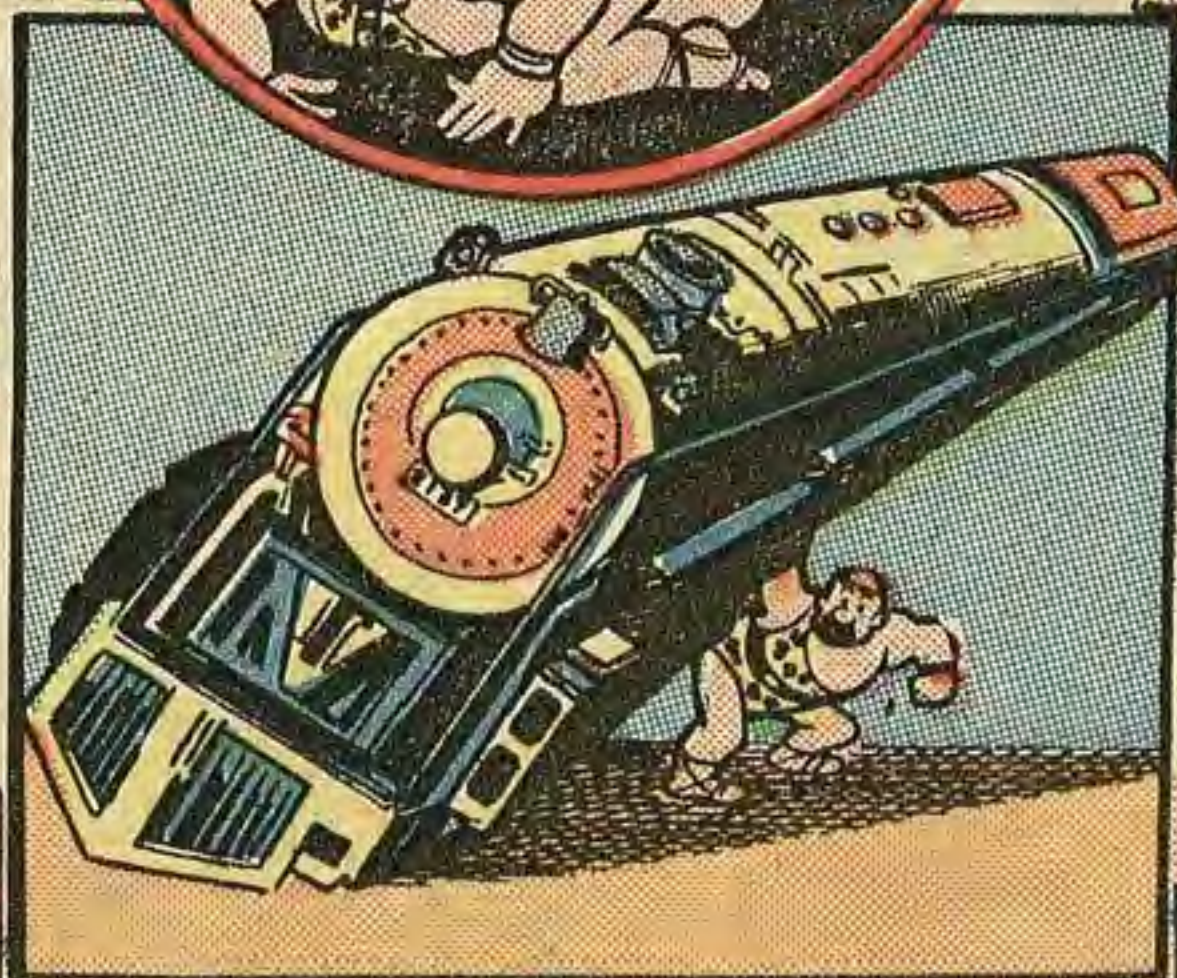
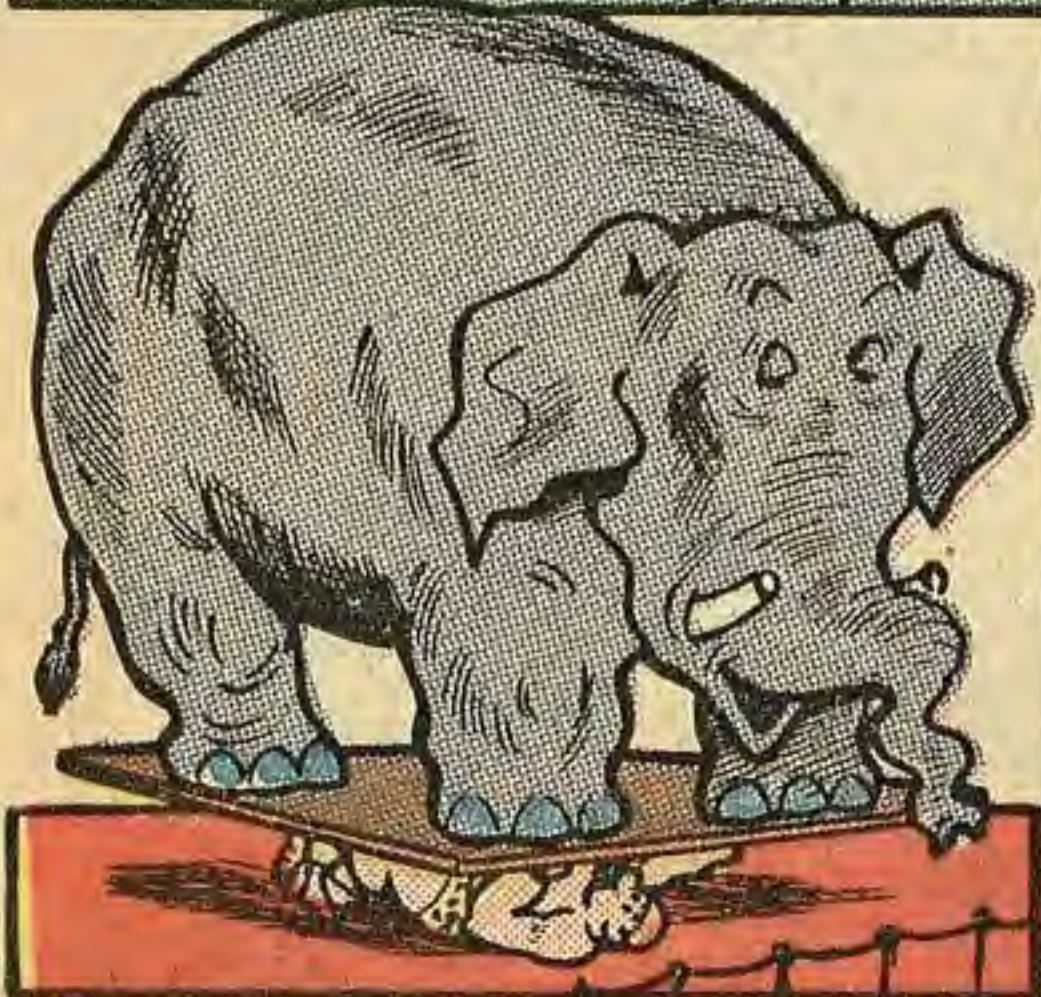
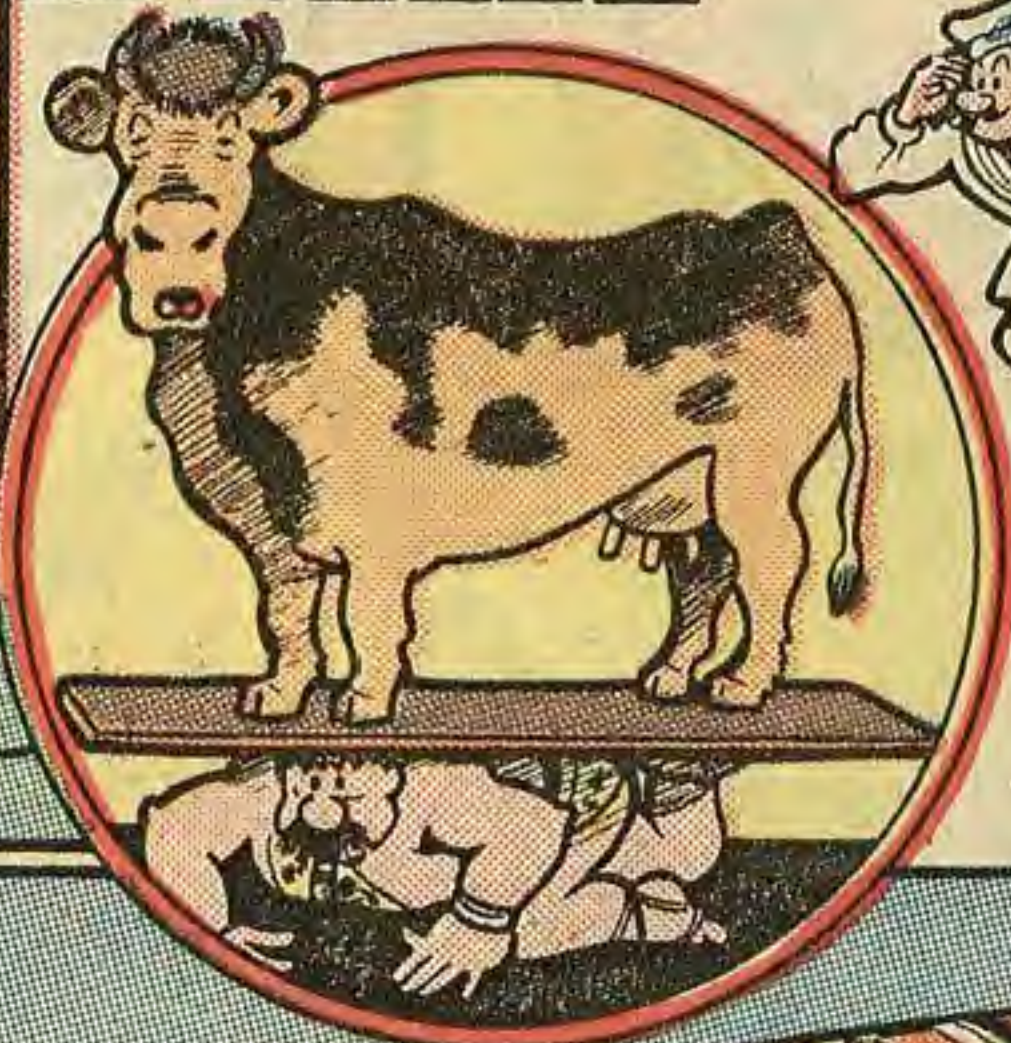
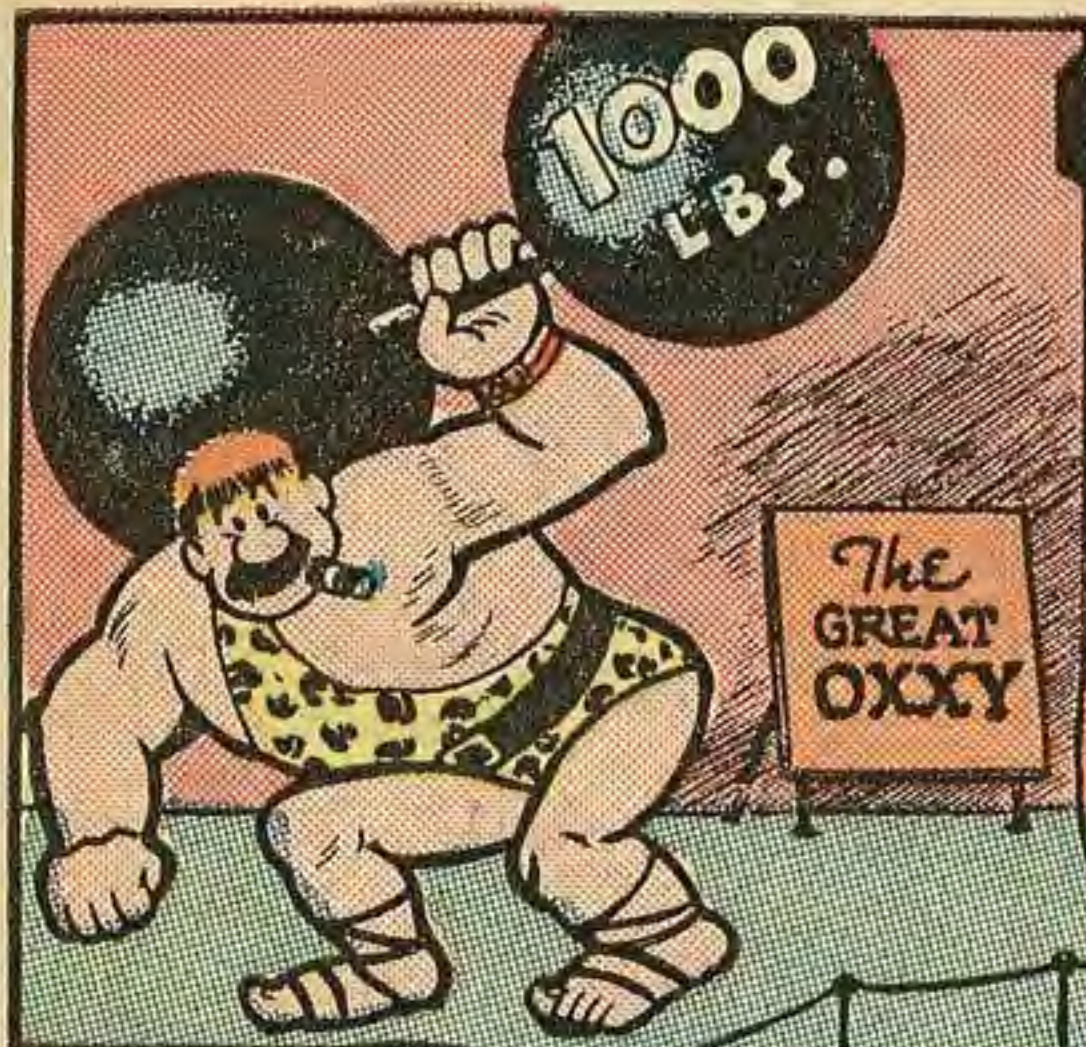


## ALL HUMOR COMICS





# oxy





# BOZO the HOBO



AH! TO ENJOY THE BEAUTIES OF THE WIDE OPEN SPACES ... FREE TO ROAM ... WONDERFUL! A HOBO'S LIFE FOR ME!



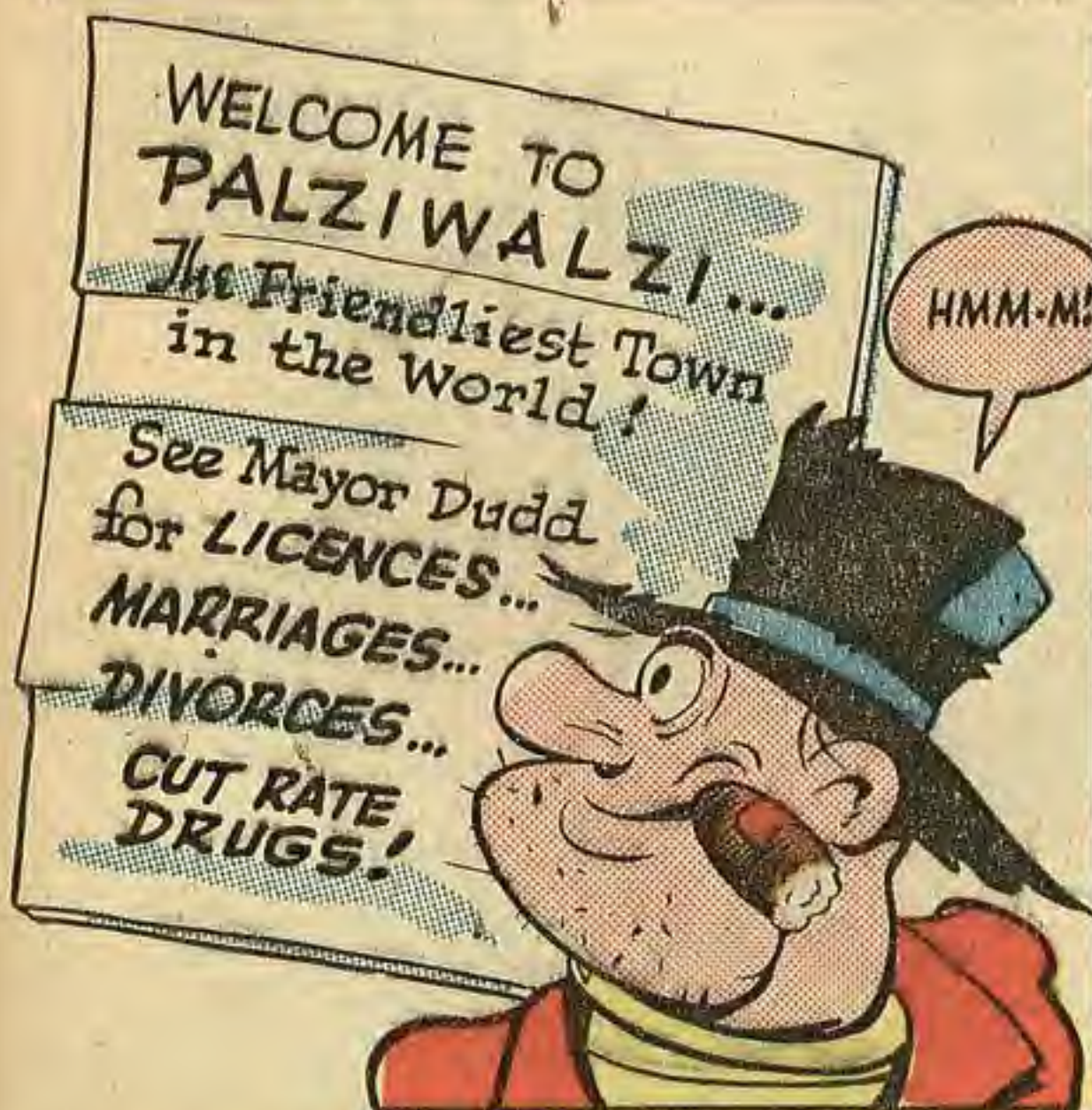
ON YOUR WAY, BOZO! GET OFF!

WELL, WELL! ... THE RAILROAD DICK! 'TIS A PLEASANT DAY TO BE A-VISITING! COME, MY GOOD FRIEND, AND JOIN ME IN MY PRIVATE CAR!





ALL HUMOR COMICS



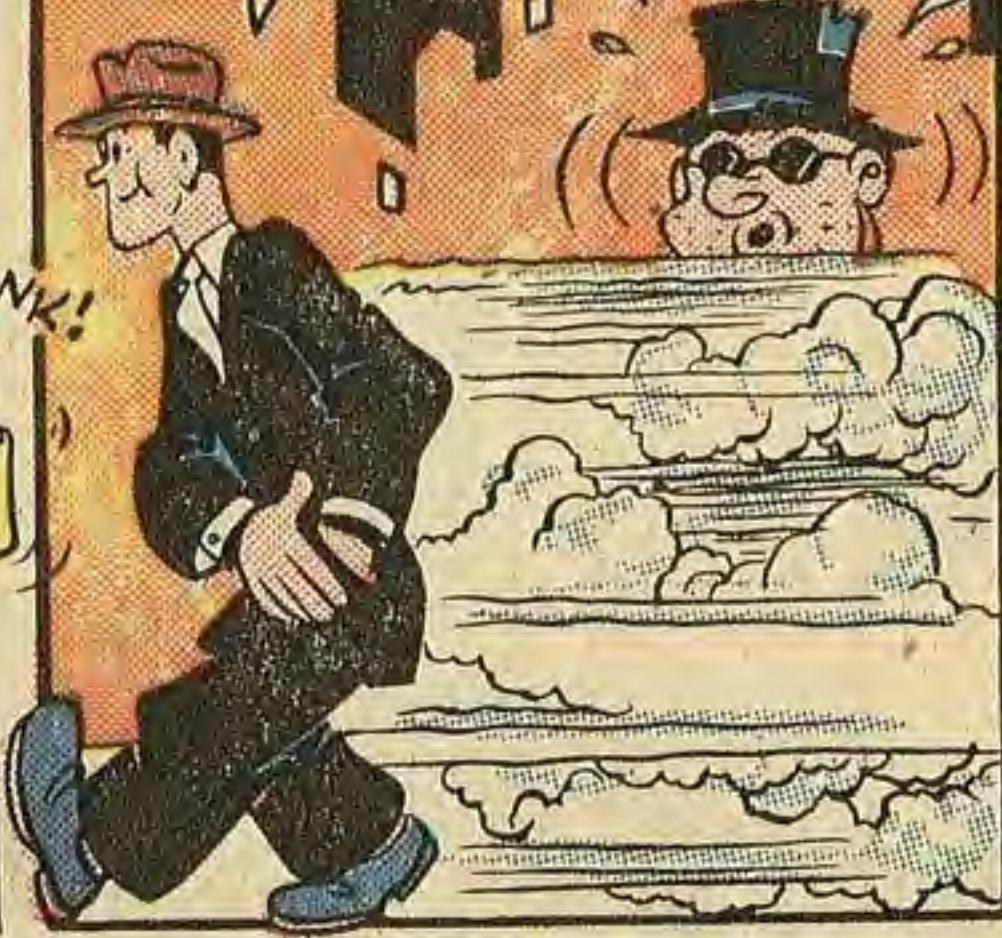


GIVE, MY GOOD MAN! GIVE TO CHARITY!... TO HELP THE UNFORTUNATE! PLEASE GIVE!



CLINK!

OF COURSE!



THERE!

GULP! WHERE'D THAT THING COME FROM?



THIS REMINDS ME OF MY BOYHOOD DAYS WHEN I USED TO SNITCH GRAN'MA'S PIGGY BANK!



SOME CROOKS TRIED TO SWIPE THE CHARITY POT!

WHERE IS HE?

WOT A TOWN! WOT A TOWN!

HEY!



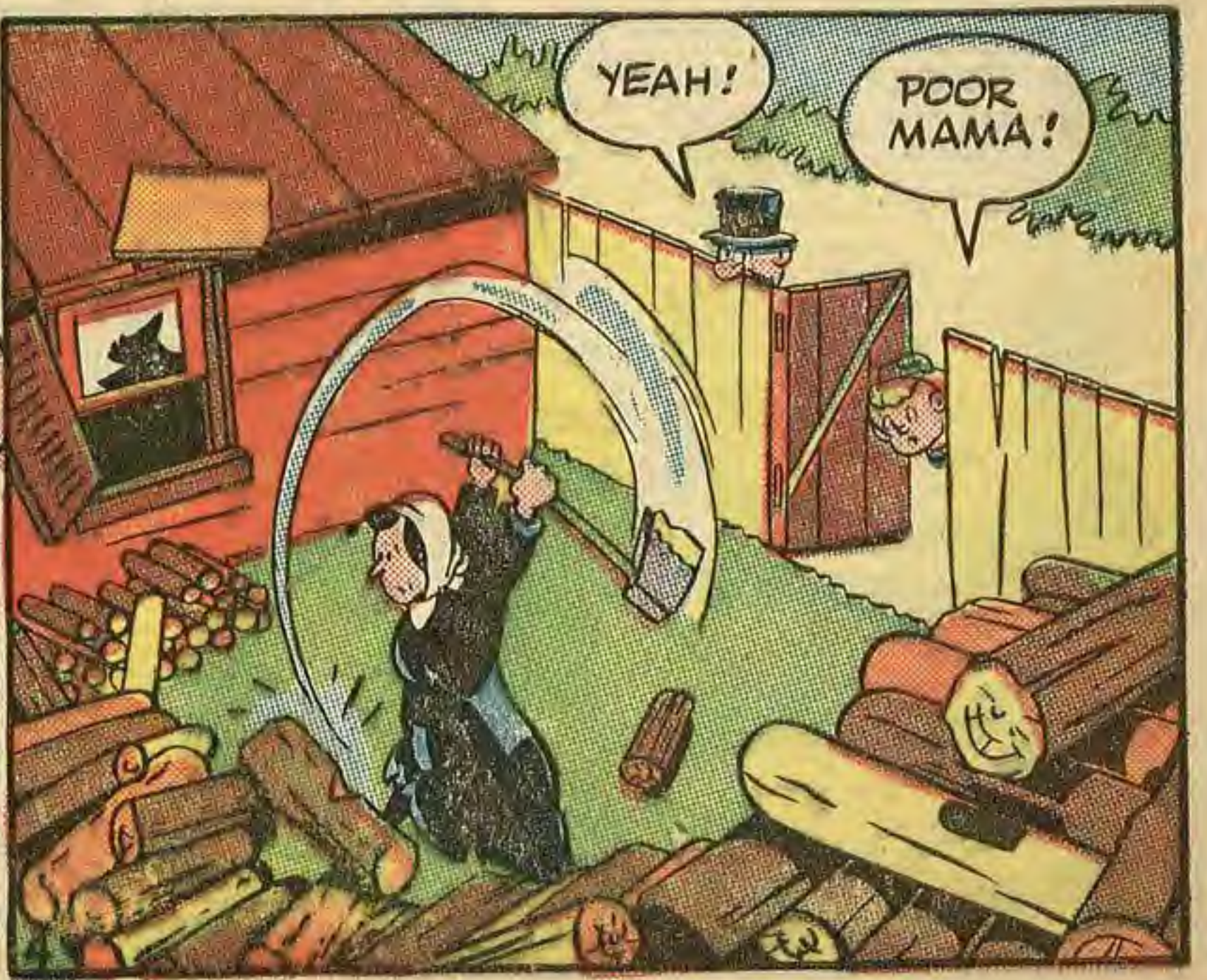
HMMM-M! ... THIS CALLS FOR REAL INGENUITY! THERE MUST BE SOME RACKET I .....



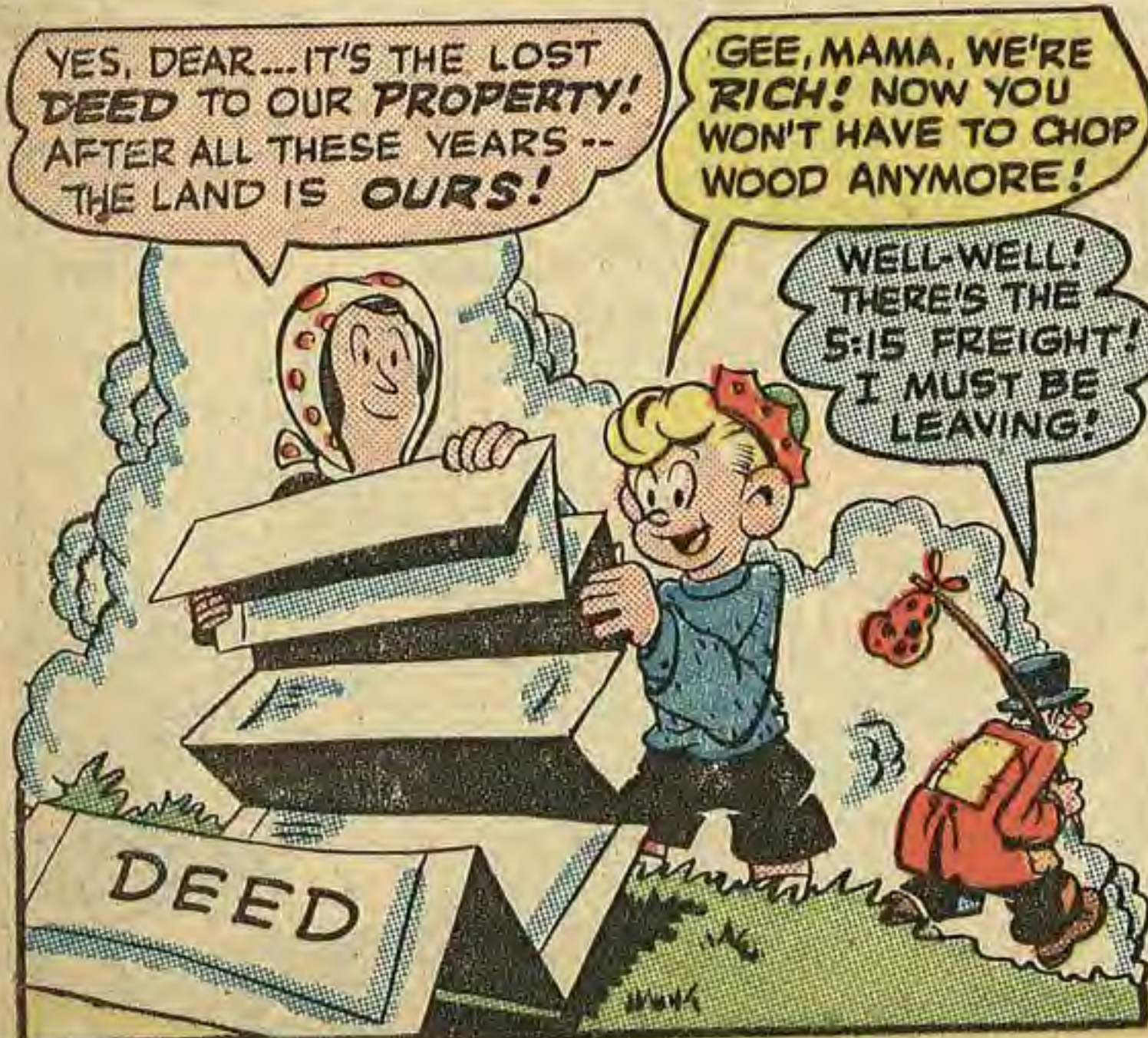
AH! THE OLD STANDBY!



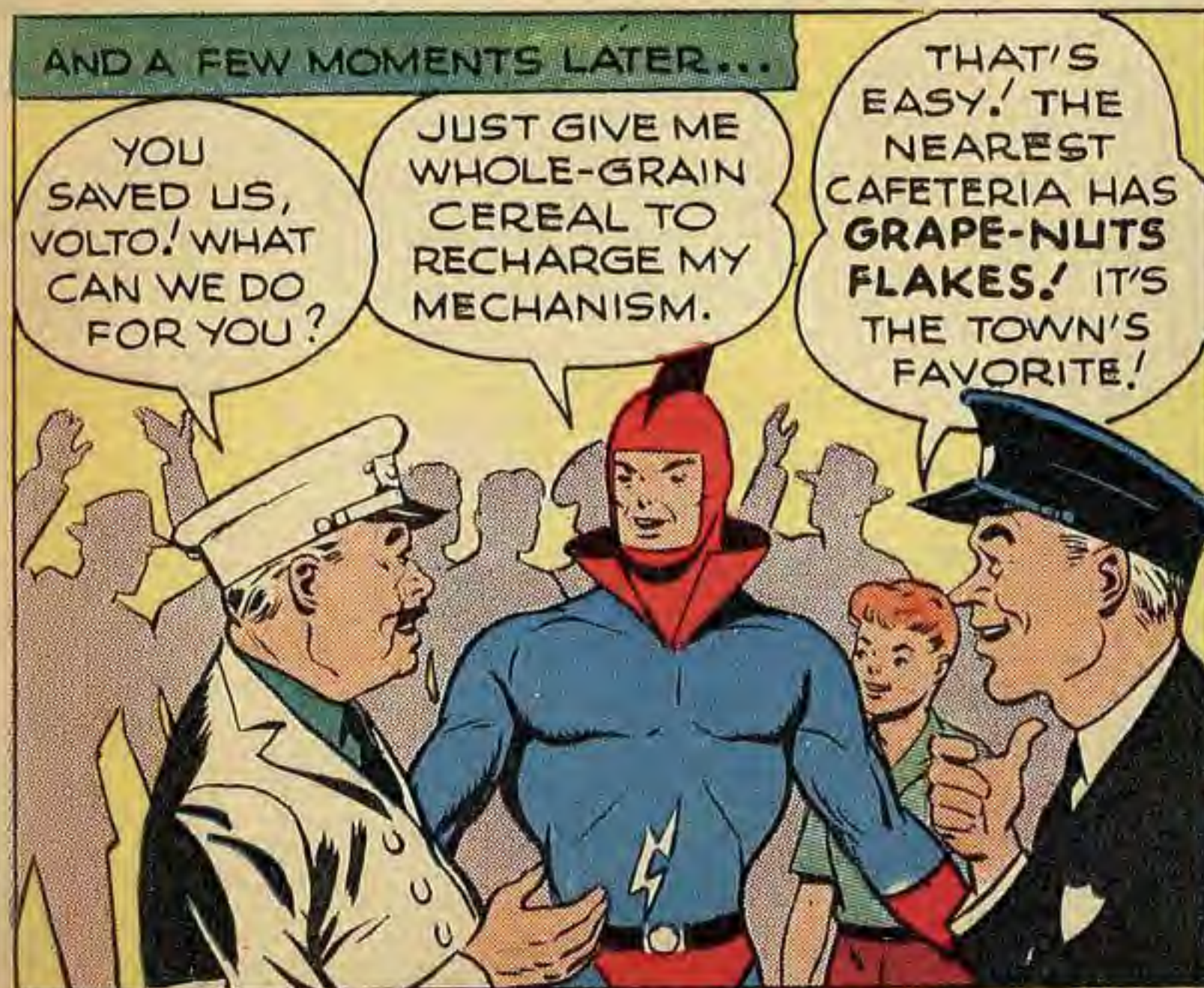
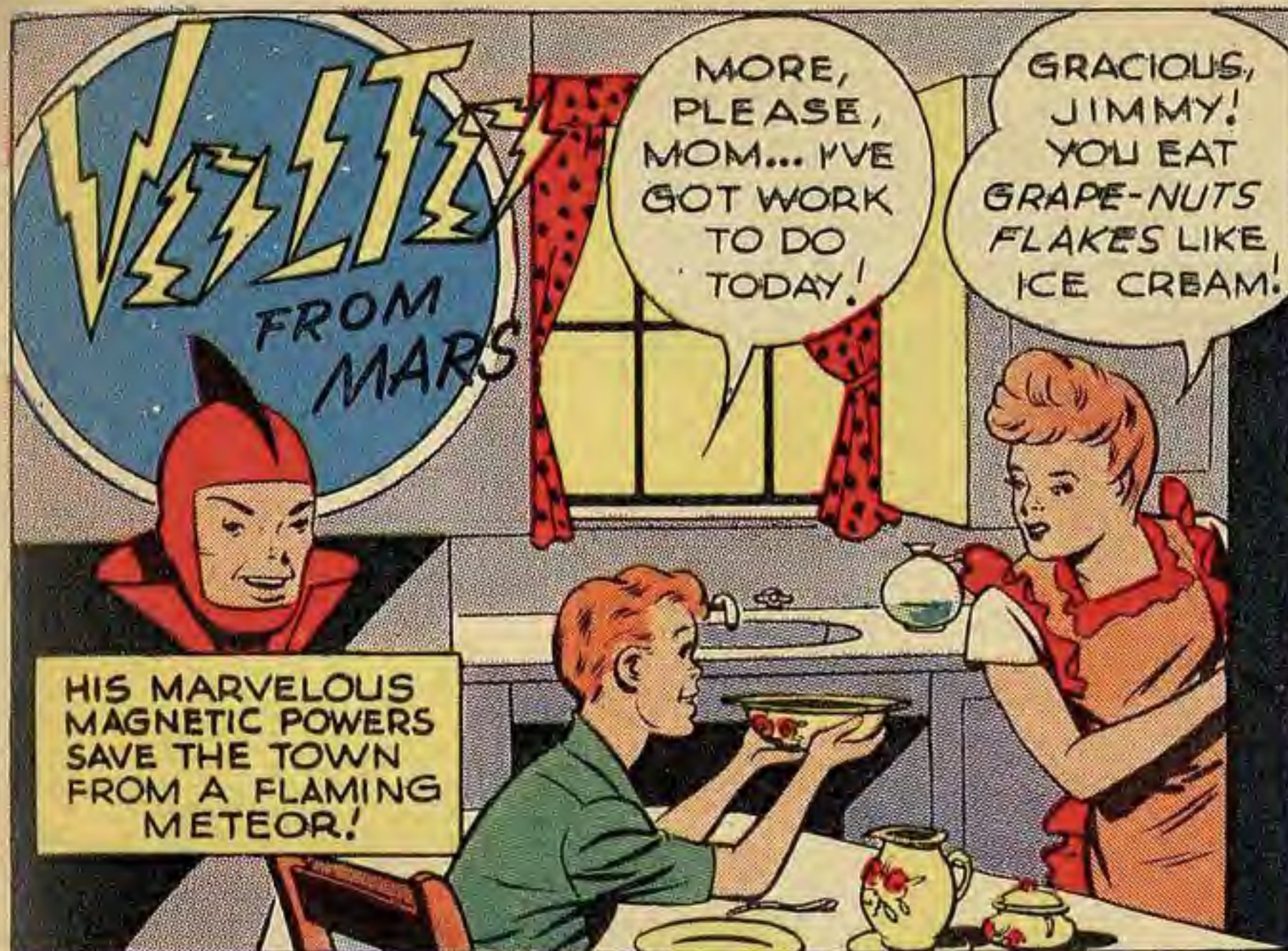












TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN**, BLUE NETWORK STATIONS, 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.





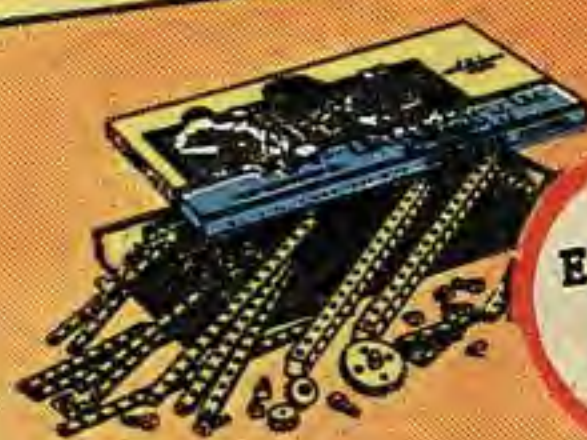
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